

LADY'S OWN PAPER

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF FASHION, FICTION, MUSIC, LITERATURE, THE DRAMA, & DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No 281.—VOL. IX.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1872.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



DOUBLY FALSE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHICH WAS THE DAUGHTER?

Mrs. LANDER drew slowly towards the window. Eunice Hurd followed her, and behind the cold, hard face of the mistress peered the sharp, anxious features of the servant.

"There they come, three of 'em," snarled Eunice, laying her bony hand heavily on Mrs. Lander's shoulder. "Who's the other?"

She turned sharply to address Joshua, but he had left the room. Mrs. Lander did not move, but spoke to her servant in a forced, husky voice—

"Go down to your place, Eunice."

"What?"

"Go down stairs and see that the preparations are complete. I shall meet my child and niece in the hall."

Eunice hesitated, and stood in the middle of the chamber eyeing her mistress venomously; one would have supposed that the lady had deprived her attendant of some great fortune by the anger she betrayed. Mrs. Lander took no apparent heed of this, but swept slowly across the room, down the marble stairs, forcing a smile to her white face.

They stood in the hall, forming a little group on the tessellated floor—Cora, Virginia, and the hunchback, whose face alone was bright with generous exultation. The two girls were pale and troubled; Virginia trembled visibly, but Cora was firm as granite.

When Mrs. Lander reached the bottom of the staircase, she paused a moment, reached out her arms, and, looking at Cora, cried out:

"My child! my child!"

Cora Lander drew behind her cousin, meeting that wild, motherly impulse with icy looks. Virginia cast an astonished glance back on her cousin, and, filled with pity for the mother, whose arms had dropped like lead, went up with tears in her eyes and embraced her. Those arms were lifted heavily and wound over the young girl's shoulders. Kisses fell on that white cheek, cold and sharp, like hailstones on snow. Twice the woman attempted to utter a welcome, but the forced voice rattled in her throat, and at last broke forth in a hoarse cry that made Virginia start from her arms.

"My child! my daughter!"



The young girl looked into the hardening face turned upon her one instant in profound astonishment. Then the warm, true heart swelled in her bosom, and she reached out her hand to Cora.

"Not your daughter. It was kind to mistake me so tenderly, but this is your child, dear aunt."

Cora stepped back and waved her hand with a gesture of dissent. Mrs. Lander looked from one to the other with a searching glance, then threw her arms around Virginia again, crying out, still hoarsely and in an unnatural voice:

"No, no; an attempt at deception at this moment is cruel! Do I not know my own child?"

"But, aunt, you are mistaken. Cora—Cora, you can satisfy her. A mother's heart must leap to the touch of her own child."

"But this lady is not my mother," answered Cora Lander in a clear, ringing voice.

Virginia released herself forcibly from Mrs. Lander's arms and turned upon her cousin in dumb amazement. Cora was calm and cold; her lips parted firmly, her eyes were bright, but all the rest of her face bespoke simple surprise, merging into displeasure.

"This is a strange time for joking, cousin," she said. "I wonder that you can trifle with feelings that should be sacred. You might have known from the first that she could not be deceived."

Virginia stood dumb. She could not comprehend the enormous fraud being practised upon her. Once more Mrs. Lander embraced her. Again those cold kisses fell on her forehead. She shrunk from them, shuddering.

"Madam! madam! you should feel—you should know that I am not your child! She stands yonder. I will be no party to a mysticism so cruel. Cora! Cora, I entreat you put an end to this!"

"What can I do? How can I act? If you persist in disclaiming your own mother, I can only denounce it as a great cruelty, whether done in jest or earnest. In my father's time you would not have ventured on a piece of pleasantry like this."

"Cora Lander!" cried Virginia, aroused to indignation by this cool speech. "Cora Lander! is this a farce, or some horrible fraud?"

"I do not understand you, cousin," said Cora, with a gentle lift of the eyebrows. "It seems to me that all this is at least in bad taste—I will not say unfeeling. Remember, you find a mother overjoyed to receive you, while I have left the kindest and best father that ever lived buried in the ocean, and return to my home wholly an orphan. Aunt, forgive me if this feeling has made me seem less glad to see you than I am. Believe me, if your child seems unkind, it is not in her nature to be so in reality. As for me, all the noble generosity which you and my cousin have received from my father shall be renewed in his child. You shall be to me as a mother; your child has always been my sister. There need be no change."

Virginia Lander drew slowly towards Ellen Nolan, and there she stood, lofty, pale, statue-like. The audacity of this scene kindled all the energy of her fine nature into resolute resistance.

"Cora Lander," she said, "there is either a terrible crime in your thoughts, or this is a joke so coarse and ill-timed that I can never forgive it."

Ellen Nolan had been vigilant during this scene; her eyes turned sharply from Cora to Mrs. Lander, and she observed that these women never once looked each other in the face. She saw, too, that Mrs. Lander trembled violently and shrunk away from Virginia even while embracing her.

"Dear lady," she said, in a voice so sweet that it sounded strangely in that atmosphere of discord, "come away—do come away."

"I will," answered Virginia, casting a look of affection on her attendant; "I will. When I am gone, these people may come to their senses. Eunice Hurd, I am glad to see you—very, very glad to see you. Is my old room ready?"

"Yes; the room is ready exactly as you left it, Miss Lander. I have kept it in order, but haven't changed a thing. Mr. Lander wouldn't have that altered."

Cora Lander turned sharply upon Eunice, and the widow lifted an imploring look to her face. But Eunice gave her head a fierce, angry toss, and marched up stairs, muttering defiance as she went. Virginia followed her, treading the steps firmly as a queen enters her palace. But for the strange obstacle which she had encountered, this poor girl would have shrunk from entering the rooms which the presence of her father had once made so homelike; but now all the energy of her being was up in arms. Her cheeks were flushed; her eyes burned brightly. Never in her life had such anger filled her heart. She did not yet comprehend the magnitude of the wrong intended her, but the single fact that some mysticism had been practised upon her in the sacred moment when she entered her home, an orphan and a mourner, revolted her whole

being. The tears which she would have shed for her father were turned into angry fire by this insult offered to his memory.

"Come, Ellen," she said, "from this hour you are my cousin and friend."

Eunice turned sharply and looked at Ellen.

"Humph!" she muttered. "Sharp and honest! No place for her!"

A shade of feeling crept over that hard face when Eunice turned the key in one of the chamber doors and stepped aside that Virginia might pass her. Ellen lifted her eyes and caught the expression, "Be good to her," she said, in her sweet, low voice.

Eunice started and looked down upon that upturned face with the shadow of a smile on her thin lips.

"Go in, both of you," she said, "and take the key inside. I say nothing, because nothing has been said to me; but just now I'd like to wring that white neck, gold chains and all—not your'n, I don't mean your'n," she added, with a swing of the hand. "Go in; go in; you'll find your things right, letters and all. I took care that nobody should get nested here. There, that'll do, turn the key. Sure bind, sure find, as the Bible says."

Virginia stood in the midst of her own room, half terrified, and feeling painfully strange, while Ellen softly closed the door and turned the key. She, poor girl, felt like a deer hunted into its lair by an unexpected rush of hounds. She looked around—old memories came back—there was her little writing-desk, ebony, encrusted with gold, where many a hard lesson had been conned under the loving eyes of her father. Close by stood a low chair, covered with rich embroidery entranced by the hands of a mother she had never seen, save as a shadow hovering over her first idea of life. The colours were faded, the delicate tints of the blossoms had long since been drawn out by the light, but it was still the dearest thing in that exquisite little chamber—that and the desk, which had been one of the last gifts of her father before he took her and her cousin to Europe.

Everything reminded her of that good man; his taste had selected all the ornaments of the room. The carpet, composed of a single medallion, in which masses of blooming flowers seemed to have been cast on newly-fallen snow, framed in with arabesques of dove-colour and delicate blue, knotted together with garlands of roses, had been of his selection. The walls, so delicately frescoed that the designs seemed like tinted shadows, were more his idea than the artist's. The great carved easy chair in which he had spent so many hours, while she was sitting at his feet with her little porcelain slate studying out one of the problems he delighted in teaching her; the very books that lay on that pretty table of oriental alabaster, inlaid with golden beetles, spoke so clearly of him that she gave one broken cry and fell upon her knees by the great chair, convulsed with a storm of grief which shook her from head to foot.

"Oh, my father! my father!" she cried, "help me! help me! for it seems as if I must die!"

A pair of feeble arms were softly flung around her, a little crooked form crept in by the side of her superb beauty, and a voice that seemed that of an angel pleaded also:

"Father! my father! help! help! for she is alone, with no one but me—no one but me!"

For some moments those two voices blended in one prayer, then the sobs that filled the room grew fainter, and the stillness of an exhausted tempest fell upon them. Ellen was the first to move. She arose, and going to a broad window which opened on a balcony, saw two women standing together and conversing earnestly. They had paused a little way from the front portico, and by the gestures of the younger person she judged that some stormy debate was passing between them. As she looked, Mrs. Lander held out her arms with a gesture of imploring tenderness, and would have flung herself upon the bosom of the proud girl who stood before her. But Cora took a swift survey around, caught a glimpse of Ellen's face at the window, and pushed the woman away so impetuously that she reeled back against one of the marble pillars, and thus saved herself from falling.

Ellen turned away from the window, convinced that some great wrong was being done to the young creature who lay weeping, half upon the floor, half on the great easy chair.

"Lady," said the hunchback, "do stop crying so, and let us think what is best to be done."

"What can be done? He is dead—my poor father is dead, and I am so helpless."

"Perhaps I can think a little for you," said Ellen, with tender meekness. "You, sweet lady, were strong enough to carry me safely through the deep ocean. Now let me help you."

"But how, Ellen? What help is there for me?" cried Virginia, lifting her beautiful face, wet with a rain of tears, to meet the kind eyes of her attendant. "Astonishment and grief bewilder me so! What can they want? What do they mean? They cannot be in earnest, Ellen!"

"Yes, lady, I am sure they are in earnest."

"But he was my own father. They know it—that woman was present when I was born."

"Still they mean what they say, I am sure of that."

"But it is impossible. They cannot carry it out."

"No, no; there must be plenty of people that know you."

"Plenty who know me—yes, yes; but we are so alike. We have been away eight years. If her mother does not recognise the difference who will?"

"But her mother does recognise the difference," said Ellen, quietly.

"Then I have nothing but trouble before me!" said Virginia, sitting down in her father's chair and dropping both hands into her lap in an abandonment of sorrow.

"What can I do?"

"Wait, and God will show us the way."

"But I am so helpless—more helpless than you were when I found you in the water, poor little friend! Until my father was taken from me I never knew what trouble meant. Oh, Ellen! can my cousin be so wicked?"

"I think she is a very wicked person, hard as rock. But God is above all. Let me take off your bonnet, sweet lady, and smooth your hair. Don't, don't shiver so—poor little hands, how the cold strikes through your gloves! Let me kiss them warm. That's right, lay your head on my shoulder, it's broad enough."

Here the kind hunchback gave a short, sobbing laugh, and searched for an answering smile in the beautiful face of her mistress. But Virginia shook her head, and replied tenderly:

"Oh, Ellen! you should not do that. This honest face and true heart is worth a thousand straight forms. How miserable I should be without you!"

"Then there is Brian, my brother, who has such a grand heart; besides he is sharp and bright as a lawyer. Think how many friends you have close by."

"I will—I will."

"That's kind—that's nice! Look out and see how brightly the sun shines. That is the way God smiles when he wishes to cheer us in the midst of a great trouble."

"It does not seem bright to me. This is a sad return home—if it is my home!"

Virginia fell into despondency again. She really was very helpless, but Ellen brightened up and prepared herself for usefulness.

"This is your own room, so here we stay; but the closets are locked. Must I ask them for the keys before I can put away your bonnet and shawl?"

Virginia started from her seat. "No, no," she said, taking a gold chain from her neck, to which was attached a small master key. "My father told me to lock everything up, and promised that nothing should be touched till I came home again. The keys are in that Malachite box on the table. He gave it to me just before I went away."

Ellen unlocked the box with the tiny key, half gold, half steel, which Virginia had worn suspended from her neck many a year.

"Here is a bunch of keys, a package of letters and some jewelry," she said.

"They are my father's letters and birthday keepsakes," answered Virginia, turning pale with a sudden rush of memory. "My poor mother's jewels, too, should be there."

Ellen closed the box and stood with her hand on the lid, quietly thoughtful.

"These things belong to you, sweet mistress. There may be proofs here of the truth. Let us make sure of them."

"What, child! do you think they would rob me of them?"

"They are robbing you already. Please open this desk, and see if anything is here."

Virginia unlocked the desk and Ellen swept out its contents into a corner of her shawl, which she gathered up in one hand for the purpose. There was a quantity of papers, jewel-cases, and one or two books. One of these cases fell out of her dress and broke open on the floor, revealing a necklace and bracelets of large pearls, rolling away from their purple satin cushion.

"They belonged to my mother. She wore them on her wedding day—that once, but never again," said Virginia, with tears in her eyes.

Ellen snatched up the case, huddled the pearls into their purple bed, and thrust them back among the papers.

"Where can we put them? I forgot to think of that," she said, appealing to her mistress.

"Wait a moment—I know of a place," answered Virginia, drawing back the drapery from an arched recess, fluted from roof to floor with light blue satin. Under this was a pretty snow-white bed, clouded in from the chamber by curtains of lace delicate as the frost-work on a window, and so voluminous that it seemed like sweeping back a summer cloud from the blue of Heaven when they were thrown aside. Close by the bed stood an exquisite little toilet table surmounted by an oval glass, in a frame that seemed woven from the most delicate golden spray, over which a dove, cut from mother of pearl, was flying with a mass of filmy lace drapery in its bill. An ottoman of amber-coloured damask stood before the toilet.

"Here, here," said Virginia, dropping on her knees by the ottoman and flinging the top back, which opened on hinges.

A moment after a peremptory knock was heard at the door. The two girls held their breath an instant, then Ellen ran to the desk, threw the bunch of keys into the Malachite box, and, looking that, flung the chain and key over the neck of her mistress exactly as she had been in the habit of wearing it.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE AUDACITY OF CRIME.

AUNT EUNICE had gone off to the back regions of the house with her nose high in the air, and her thin lips pressed together in fierce wrath. There was something going on of which she had been kept in ignorance. Even Joshua seemed to have a share in this something, and took airs upon himself accordingly. Did they think to cheat her? Did they fancy that she was likely to sit still and have sand thrown in her eyes? Did they, indeed!

Aunt Eunice gave her head a magnificent toss as she asked these terse questions of herself, and fell to berating the servants in the kitchen till the red of her face seemed born of brick-dust, and the fire in her eyes grew venomous as a wild-cat's. They absolutely blazed when she saw Joshua striding cheerfully towards the stables, more upright in person and free of mind than he had been for months.

Meantime Mrs. Lander and Cora were left together, standing face to face in the hall.

Cora opened the drawing-room door and went into the room. Mrs. Lander followed more slowly. There was sorrow and hesitation in her heart, but the younger woman felt nothing of this. Her face wore a triumphant smile as she looked around the room.

"Splendid draperies, and walls tinted like opals," she said, looking around. "Upon my word, madam, you display magnificent taste, and have lost no time. A Turkish divan along the end of the room yonder, with plenty of oriental cushions, might be an improvement—though I am not quite certain. What a lovely break in the trees that is we see from the window. It gives one such cool glimpses of the river. Oh, aunt! this is a place worth having."

"Aunt!" repeated Mrs. Lander.

"Yes, aunt now, aunt always. That other word is forgotten."

"But, Cora, we are alone!"

These words were uttered in a pleading voice, through which tears were breaking.

That young girl, so hard and self-possessed, had no patience with the woman whose heart was not all base. She sat down in one of the most luxuriously-cushioned chairs, and motioned Mrs. Lander to take a seat close by.

"Let us understand each other thoroughly," she said. "We have made the first plunge hand in hand, mother and child—I find the water exhilarating—you feel it cold and begin to shiver already. This will never do! We are in the depths, and must swim out boldly or drown. A little firmness, a little of that self-abnegation which is expected from a mother who has her children's advancement at heart, will secure everything. If you falter, madam, we are lost."

"Madam! Madam!" exclaimed Mrs. Lander, with a sharp pain in her voice. "You call me madam!"

"A little more of this, and I shall call you coward!" retorted the girl, starting up from her chair with angry vehemence. "Are you tired of all these things, that you falter so at the first step?"

"I did not think it would be so terrible—that I should hate myself as I do!"

"Terrible! Why, aunt, we are triumphant! I am mistress here—absolute mistress—nothing on earth can dispossess me so long as you stand firmly."

"But Eunice?"

"The grim housekeeper—what of her?"

"Nothing, nothing; only she knows so much."

"What can the tigress know? And what do I care for anything she can say? Does a mother's knowledge of her own child require the confirmation of a servant? Let us have no weakness of this kind, madam! We want no confidants, and will have none. If this red-crested serpent attempts to bite, I will crush her under my heel. Such people are to be defied not conciliated."

"But you do not know her. She is sharp as steel, sly as a fox."

"Let her search and prow—I fear nothing but the weakness which makes you so white and woe-begone. Remember, the worst is over. Every hour will harden your resolve and sweep away these puerile emotions. Come, come, I love you so dearly that all this suffering recoils on me. Let us work together, support each other. It was for your sake I did it—or mostly that. What a paradise you have made of this place! Could you give it up?"

"It would be like death, I know, child; but this sense of crime takes away all sweetness from possession."

"Sense of crime!" answered Cora, drawing the words out with a prolonged sneer. "Was it your fault that my father happened to be miserably poor and his brother rich? Was it mine that this poor man chanced to be my father? After all, possession is but an accident. Am I not more capable of appreciating all this wealth—more willing to distribute it than the creature up-stairs? Sense of crime!—I wonder at the words! Much more at the feeling. It is only weak people who condemn themselves even in thought. But, if you must have them, money will supply an antidote—you shall have no stint in your charities. I will build a church somewhere on the grounds, and you shall own the minister, pay his salary, have lectures six times a week, and be the Lady Bountiful of this neighbourhood. There, you almost smile. Let us take a little walk in the grounds while my cousin and namesake reconciles herself to my old position; I am dying to look over the place. The grounds extend ever so far, I believe, and beyond them are any number of farms that bring in money. Who is executor under the will? Oh, I remember. To-morrow we must go to the city—you and I alone."

"Come out on the grass before you talk of this," said Mrs. Lander, looking suspiciously around the room. "With so much drapery hanging loose, there is no certainty against listeners."

"You are right—this thoughtfulness looks well. Ah! here is a window unfastened. This way. What a lovely scene it is!"

Cora Lander swept back a mass of lace and rich amber damask from one of the windows as she spoke and stepped through, pausing under the marble colonnade till Mrs. Lander followed her, and closed the window. Then the little scene Ellen had witnessed transpired, and they walked together into the centre of the lawn, where a bed of standard roses was cut into the sward, and Cora pretended to examine the flowers as she talked.

The conversation was but a sequel to that which had passed in the drawing-room, but, in the open air and free from all chance of listeners, Mrs. Lander spoke more freely and entered into her daughter's wicked plans with greater boldness. Cora was bending over a splendid rose and inhaling its perfume with keen relish—for so keen was this girl's zest for pleasure that, with her mind thus sharply occupied, she could pause for a sensuous enjoyment and receive it to the full—but a sudden exclamation from her companion startled her away from the flower.

"What is it?" she inquired, sharply, following the wild glance which Mrs. Lander fixed on one of the windows, and seeing the face of Ellen Nolan looking out.

"I see nothing but that tiresome little hunch-back peering at us still."

"But she is in that room—no one has entered it since my niece—"

"Madam, that is not a title to use applied to that young lady, even in this solitude," said Cora sharply.

"But the room contains all her things—her letters, her papers, her mother's trinkets. I never thought of that till now."

"What folly! what madness!" cried Cora, twisting the rose she had inhaled from its stalk with a violence that half uprooted the plant. "That room, and all its contents, belongs to me. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes: I comprehend all the mischief that may spring from this; but it was Eunice! I am sure it was Eunice!"

"Whoever has done it, there is a remedy,"

replied Cora. "Come with me—or, rather, stay here. I am mistress of the house, and will arrange the rooms as I please."

This idea, false and mean as it was, seemed to have filled Cora's whole being with pride; she lifted her head with the poise of an empress, and giving a wave of the hand, intended to keep Mrs. Lander back, passed into the house.

Ellen Nolan opened the door of her mistress's chamber, and stood back from the threshold, looking quietly in that hard, beautiful face. Virginia had seated herself in the easy chair and sat with her anxious face turned on the door, waiting for what might come.

"Cousin, I am very sorry to disturb you, but the housekeeper made a mistake in sending you here. This room has always been held sacred to myself. Your old room shall be prepared at once."

She said this firmly, almost quietly, but there was a hard, metallic tone in the voice which betrayed something of the wonderful self-restraint which kept her apparently so calm.

"You can have more rooms if you want, but not this."

Virginia arose from her seat, pale and firm, but with the pain of a wounded spirit in her face.

"Cora," she said, in her soft, clear voice, "Cousin Cora, if this is a joke, it is a very, very cruel one! Remember how mournful this coming home is—no father, no mother to receive me—no relatives in the wide world that I have ever seen except yourself and my aunt. Cora, my father was always kind to you, considerate and generous to your mother. Think how unseemly a joke of this kind is from her child, under his roof."

Virginia paused a moment, wiped away the tears that were filling her eyes, and went on with a passionate outburst.

"Or is this real, Cora Lander? That look almost warns me that it is. But pause—pause while there is yet a chance of retreating from a fraud so black that it must bring exposure and bitter punishment upon you and your mother! Do not think that I shall submit; that would be to share the infamy. Oh, Cora! Cora! remember what we have been to each other, how dearly I have loved you! I was thinking, cousin, to make you independent the moment I had the power. There is enough for both—enough for us all. That hard, hard look yet! Oh! cousin, will nothing move you?"

The colour had once or twice swept like flame across Cora Lander's face, but it settled back instantly, leaving it of a cold, greyish white.

"I do not understand all this, cousin. That horrible fright which drove us from the burning ship must have left your brain disturbed. It shocks me to think so, but this scene almost forces the belief on me. For your own sake, try to drive these strange ideas from your mind; they distress me, indeed they do!"

Virginia stepped a pace back and fixed her gaze on that immovable face. Every feature seemed cut out of stone. The eyes alone shrunk and fell under that calm, rebuking scrutiny.

"I shall not speak to you again, feeling as I do how deeply-laid is the evil in your heart. But I will at once take such steps as must ensure my legal rights," said Virginia, in a low, still voice, that contrasted strangely with the grating hoarseness which broke through the forced composure of Cora's speech. "Heaven knows, I wished to be good to you! It was in my heart to deal with you as if we had been what so many take us for, twin sisters; but you will not have it so."

Virginia's eyes filled again and her voice faltered. She cast an imploring glance on that hardened girl and, with an impulse of generous tenderness, held out her arms.

"Let it be thus, Cora. I have no craving wish for all this property—cast this demon thought out of your soul, and let us be assisters once more. Half of all that I have shall be yours, only lift this awful feeling from my heart and let us be friends again! Oh, Cora! you never will know how dearly I have loved you! Take half—I will gladly give it."

While she was speaking, the form of aunt Eunice darkened the door, and behind her stood one of the housemaids. Cora recognised their presence at once, and quick as lightning turned upon them.

"You hear her—you hear this magnificent proposition? She will give me a clear half of my own property! You will bear witness that she makes this offer—she, who never had a cent on earth that did not come from my poor, generous father!" she cried, appealing to them, and fastening Ellen with her eyes. "She will compromise for half my inheritance, and condescend to become my co-heiress with all the glory of a generous act upon her! This audacity is beyond belief!"

Virginia sat down speechless and pale. The reality of this wicked design fell upon her with appalling force.

"Take my poor cousin to some other room. In

her present state it is impossible for me to have her here," said Cora, addressing Eunice. "The chamber she occupied before is ready, I suppose? If not, ask my aunt to take charge of her daughter till some better disposition of things can be made. I much fear it will be impossible to keep her in the house. I have seen this coming on for a long time."

Eunice Hurd strode into the room, swept by Cora with a sniff and a toss of the head, and went up to Virginia.

"Come here, child," she said, almost kindly. "They have determined to drive you out of this room, and will do it anyhow. But I'm in the house yet, and know a thing or two that they don't may be give me credit for. As if my eye-teeth wasn't cut afore she or her mother either were born! So she is Mr. Lander's daughter is she?"

Virginia recognised the rough kindness conveyed in these words, and clung to the hard hand extended to her with gratitude.

"Yes, I will go with you, Eunice Hurd. You knew me when I was a little baby, and used to be kind. Surely you remember me?"

"No matter whether I do or not. I'll stand by you now, if it's only to learn that self-sufficient gal not to try and cheat me! Pshaw! it ain't to be done! come along; I've got a room ready for you—purty as a picter and neat as wax. Let her bustle about here if she wants to; but I tell her here to her face, she can't trample me under foot, nor her mother neither, till I make up my mind to let 'em."

Tortured and astonished as she had been when wounded by grief and saddened by this mournful return home, Virginia turned gratefully towards the only friend who had received her with kindness.

"Yes, I will go with you, Eunice Hurd—aunt Eunice we used to call you, I remember."

"Of course you do; and as for her—well I say nothing as yet—but, Jerusalem! won't she cuss the day she ever attempted to do her tall walking over me!"

"Woman, be quiet, and take your charge from the room. To-morrow we will have a physician. Just now I wish to be alone."

"Hoity-toity! Who was your servant last year?" cried Eunice, putting her red arms akimbo and shaking her fiery locks till the comb rose from them like the crest of an angry cockatoo. "How much wages have you ever paid me?"

"All that you will receive under this roof," answered Cora, with a dry laugh. "From this moment I discharge you."

This time Eunice gave her head a sudden jerk, that sent the comb flying half across the room.

"You dare attempt it! you she im—, but I say nothing; only try it, if you dare!"

Virginia, shocked and trembling under all this rude violence, arose from her seat and walked towards the door. Eunice darted a venomous look over her shoulder and marched after her, followed by Ellen, who looked as if some sudden blow had fallen upon her head, bowing it down upon her chest.

The moment the room was cleared, Cora Lander locked the door and began a search for such objects as might prove of value to her. But the drawers were all locked, and, save the pretty ornaments about the room, nothing of interest to her black scheme presented itself. At last she recognised the Malachite box, and remembered for what purpose it had been used. That was locked, but she broke it open with a wrench of her hands, took the keys, unlocked the desk, and found it empty.

(To be continued. Commenced in No. 273.)

IF THERE ARE ANY LADIES who have not yet used the GLENFIELD STARCH, they are respectfully solicited to give it a trial, and carefully follow out the directions printed on every package, and if this is done they will say, like the Queen's Laundress, it is the finest Starch they ever used. When you ask for GLENFIELD STARCH, see that you get it, as inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit. Beware, therefore, of spurious imitations.

A dozen ladies are actively promoting the women's suffrage movement. They are Miss Becker (of Manchester), Miss Beedy, M.A. (an American graduate in honours), Miss C. A. Biggs, Miss Mathilde Blind (niece of the distinguished German patriot and litterateur), Madame Bodichon, Mrs. W. Burbury, Mrs. Fawcett, (wife of the M.P. for Brighton), Mrs. McLaren (wife of the M.P. for Edinburgh), Miss Morgan, Madame Ronniger, Mrs. P. A. Taylor (wife of the M.P. for Leicester), and Mrs. John Westlake (wife of the eminent Chancery barrister).

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Tuesday night, the first of Mr Gye's *débutantes* was heard in *La Sonnambula*. A success must be chronicled for Mdlle. Albani, the new Amina. We do not remember to have heard much more enthusiastic applause given to any new comer. She was called on at the end of the first act, the compliment was three times repeated at the close of the second act, and at the termination of the opera she was twice summoned before the curtain. A hearty welcome of this kind has its value, inasmuch as it gives an artist confidence to make a second essay, and this Mdlle. Albani is to do on Saturday next as Lucia. The young lady's Amina may be described as a careful, effective, and eminently-pleasing personation. If it lacks those distinguishing marks which constitute a great, or even an exceptionally good, performance, there is quite enough in it to warrant a repetition from time to time as the season progresses. Mdlle. Albani's voice is a light soprano, bright, clear, and of good quality, in the upper register especially, and well under control. She sings in a good school, and is free from certain vices of modern vocalisation into which some artists fall with unaccountable willingness. She does not commit herself to the abuse of the *tremolando*; on the contrary, the tone is produced without any such affectation, and her execution is sufficiently clear and precise.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT.

BECOME companions on a journey with those who as host and hostess have been so attractive, and the most astonishing changes, for which you are entirely unprepared, utterly foreign to your estimate of their character, may meet you in every word and act. Take care, however, while watching the *mote* in your neighbour's eye that he does not discover the *beam* in your own. In the infelicities of travelling, remember you are liable to the same criticism, and watch and pray lest your own conscience compels you to acknowledge the justice of the censure.

You will often see persons so quiet and gentle at home that while you respect, you never think of them as presenting any very striking characteristics. Sensible and unobtrusive, their goodness, unseen, carries comfort to all around, while the recipients seldom recognise the cause of the good influence which surrounds them until some startling commotion proclaims their silent ministration. The freedom born from a common annoyance, discomfort, or danger, such as is often experienced in travelling, sometimes reveals heroes and heroines where we least expected to find them.

MULTIFARIOUS reading weakens the mind more than doing nothing, for it becomes a necessity, at last, like smoking: and is an excuse for the mind to lie dormant while thought is poured in, and runs through a clear stream over unproductive gravel, on which not even mosses grow. It is the idlest sort of idleness, and leaves more of impotency than any other.

"THE difficulty in life," says Arthur Helps, "is the same as the difficulty in grammar—to know when to make the exceptions to the rule."

THERE is a whole sermon in the saying of the Persian: "In all quarrels, leave open the door of reconciliation." We should never forget it.

Good manners are not learned from arbitrary teaching so much as acquired from habit. They grow upon us by use. A coarse, rough nature at home, begets a habit of roughness which cannot be laid aside among strangers.

A MAN who gives his children habits of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a fortune.

BREAKFAST.—EPP'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills."—*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with boiling water and milk. Each packet is labelled—"JAMES EPPS AND Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London." Also makers of Epps' Milky Cocoa (Cocoa and Condensed Milk).

ON Saturday night unusual floods, owing to continuous rain, occurred in parts of Mayo. Several bridges were carried away, and a farmer fell into the river and was drowned.

UNDER THE WILLOW.

AN ALL-HALLOW'EEN STORY.

BESSIE BURNS had come in from the florist's with some bunches of scarlet geranium in her hand. Geranium blossoms looked well in her black hair.

"You are going to be very fine the night," said Scotch Aunt Kathrine, her father's sister. "And we'll 'joy ourself, na doubt; but ye don't keep Hallow-e'en as we did in Scotland. Ye've no faith in it, ye see. Why, there's never a lass there that is na trothplight, but speers her fortune at twalve o'clock. Now rin up and put your flowers in water, and come down and help us make ready."

Bessie Burns ran up stairs, and did as she was bidden; but she might have made more haste. The Hallow-e'en party which her Scotch father gave every year would bring to her side one who was worth, to her fancy, all the guests besides counted together. She had not yet solved the problem that puzzled her young heart, just how much he liked her; but if he came at all she would be happy; and if he really liked her as much as he seemed to, he would give her some glimpse into his heart at least, so that she might feel sure that she was "not making a fool of herself."

"For I am making a fool of myself," said Lizzie to herself, "if this is all flirtation on his part. I am beginning to like him very, very much."

Happy young heart! it was only for a few fleeting moments that it was troubled. Bessie peeped into the glass and saw a very pretty girl, smiled at the reflection, and tripped down stairs to help mother and auntie with the preparations, which were manifold. Mother was busy with the oven. Auntie was frosting cake. She was a tall, hard-featured Scotch woman of fifty, with good animal spirits and a will of her own.

Bessie's mother, being an American matron, was rather anxious and somewhat tired, but this strong-limbed auntie felt no fatigue. To her side Bessie glided when, all the good things quite completed, the ladies sat in the twilight, resting before the dining-room fire.

The evening was clear; the guests, for the most part, came early. Few were absent, and one of the first arrivals was Henry Hunter. Auntie stirred the young folks up, and joked with the elders. Mrs. Burns was very proud of the success of her supper, though she had a nervous headache. The dances were danced, the songs sung, the nuts burnt. People at last began to go away, saying they had enjoyed themselves very much. Henry and Bessie had slipped out into the bright October moonlight, and stood on the end of the porch.

"I am going to New York to-morrow," said Henry.

"To New York?"

"Yes; there is an opening there for me. I can't get on here, and I want to get on; who does not who has any manhood in him? Yet I hate to leave the place though—I hate to leave my friends; though I'm not sure that any one will miss me."

"People are always missed who are worth missing," said Bessie.

"And do you think me worth missing?" said Henry, drawing a little nearer.

"Of course," said Bessie.

Henry took her hand. She let him keep it.

"I should like to ask you one question?" he said.

Bessie's heart beat fast at that instant.

"Ah, the very man I'm looking for," said old Mr. Burns. "Ye're wanted for escort duty, my lad. Here's Doctor Black's wife to be seen hame, the Doctor not havin' time to come for her. I told her you'd be glad of the opportunity."

So the question was not asked. Henry shook hands with Bessie, and went away with Mrs. Doctor Black; and Bessie did not bless Mrs. Black for coming alone that night I fear. She stood there bidding folks goodbye, with smiles and kisses. She sent a big piece of iced cake and a pocket full of candies to Mrs. Bell's babies, and she looked the gayest of the gay as she shut the door upon the last guest; but all the while she had been thinking "Henry Hunter is going away. I shall see him no more for a long while!" and wondering also what the question was which he had not asked her after all.

So Bessie went to bed, half glad, half sorry, and dreamt all night as young girls will dream while the world lasts.

There are things that happen in this life oftener than one thinks, which would make good "points" in a drama—ordinary, every-day events, with nothing tragic in them. He seems to forget a little; she remembers, but is too proud to say so. And babbling tongues tell stories that are founded on fact perhaps, but yet on the whole are lies; and

poor, pained hearts hear them. And people who love meet, and do not show their liking; and in the end two life streams, that should have mingled, run wide apart.

Nothing happened to Bessie, nothing to be told about. It came to her ears that Henry was attentive to rich Miss Saybrook. He heard of Dr. Grey, Dr. Black's assistant, and how he took Bessie sleigh-riding; and he did not write, and of course it was not for her to do so. And so, when a year had gone by, Henry Hunter had passed out of Bessie Burns' life altogether, as it seemed.

She was nineteen now, but she felt a great deal older than at the same time the year before; she was often sad, and she did not care for anything as much as she had done. As Hallow-eve drew near, she did not even regret the missing of the usual party. Her father's mother had written from Scotland that she was ninety, and must see her girl and boy before she died; and Bessie's father and aunt were gone across the ocean.

"Of course we shan't have a party while they are gone," said the mother; and Bessie said, "Of course not," without a sigh.

At ten that night the house was shut up for the night, the lamps all out, and only the moonlight ell over the floor of Bessie's chamber, but Bessie was not asleep. Foolish as she felt it to be, she had promised herself to go "speerin" that night, in the real Scotch fashion.

"If there's anything in it, I shall see no one," she said. "I remember what auntie said to me. No doubt I shall 'gang a maiden a' my life,' only I shan't be as happy as she is, I am very sure. I'll just go to the road where the three lands meet, and try Aunt Kathrine's spell."

She wrapped her shawl about her as she spoke, and slipped out of her door and down the stairs. The newly-risen moon peeped over the top of the hill. The night was bright, and not cold. Not a sound disturbed the silence.

She wore her daily dress of brown merino, and over her head a dark shawl; in her hand she carried a little snow-white bundle. All the Scotch superstition in her constitution had come to the surface at last. Auntie Kathrine, tripping through the heather, thirty years before, to dip her smock sleeve in running water where three lairds' lands met, on the Hallow-e'en, in old Scotland, had no greater confidence in the spell than this her American niece.

Superstition is half the time merely the effect of the outreaching of affection—the straw to which helpless, drowning hearts will cling. Those in love go to have their fortunes told. Those whose loves are dead strive to hold converse with the habitants of the world to which they have gone; and delusions which in themselves seem almost madness, have saved many a poor soul from going mad in very earnest.

Bessie came to the old well at last. It had not been used for years, but a moss-grown bucket hung at its brim still, and down in the depths she saw a silver gleam that told her it was not dry. She let down the bucket and drew it up. Then she unrolled the soft white left sleeve of the garment she had brought with her, and dipped it into the water; then she walked deliberately to the bush that stood exactly where the three lands met, and hung her midnight washing over it with care; then took her seat far in the shadows of a big willow-tree, and fixed her eyes upon the intense whiteness on which the moonlight lay.

The church clock began to strike twelve just as she took her seat. It was the proper time for the wraith to make his appearance. She had worked herself into the belief that she should see something, and under this influence her lips parted, and she uttered the name of the man she loved:

"Henry Hunter!"

There he was. You may not believe me; but I aver that as she uttered the words he stood there before her—he or his wraith. He stood beside the well, and seemed to be staring hard at the white object glittering in the moonlight on the black-green foliage of the great bush. He advanced towards it. He was going to turn the sleeve; he put his hand on it. Bessie Burns had not quite calculated on the effect of wraith seeing. It was an ordeal of more terror than she had guessed. In a moment more she had fainted away.

She came to herself without any aid, staggered to her feet, remembered where she was and what had happened, snatched at her property still suspended from the bush, and made the best of her way home forthwith.

It was two o'clock when she laid her head on the pillow, and she had a bad cold next day; but she never told her mother. She waited to tell one who would believe, Auntie Kathrine.

But the hope new born in her had faded away. She heard nothing and saw nothing of Henry Hunter. All that she had to live upon was the

prophecy of the wraith, the Hallow-e'en visitation that had nearly frightened her to death.

At last the two long waited for returned. The steamer reached New York, and Bessie and her mother were to meet father and auntie there, have a little holiday with them, see the sights and visit the shops, and do all the things that country folks always do when they visit the city. They made their preparations joyfully, and went down in the early morning cars, and there were father and auntie at the depôt, and there were kisses and embraces and long talks, and a dinner at the hotel, and then auntie took Bessie off with her shopping.

"The lass must have a plaid dress a' woo'," she declared. "There's a' woo' plaids, sic as I like, to be had here; and though I'm too auld for sic gay things my ain sell, I'll see them on her."

And the dress was bought, and many other little presents likewise; a cup for mother, a necktie for father, a set of wonderful napkins, and then auntie said:

"We'll have a plate of their ice-cream, lassie," and ushered the way into a confectioner's. It was at that hour in the afternoon when the restaurant business is most quiet, and this was a quiet place at best. The room behind the store, with its dozen marble-topped tables, was quite empty.

They brought the cream and cake and went away, and Bessie was alone with auntie at last.

"Auntie," she began, "I've something to tell you."

"Aye, lassie, and what?" asked auntie.

"I tried a trick last Hallow-e'en," said Bessie.

Auntie was on the *qui vive* at once. The two put their heads close together.

"What came of it?" said auntie.

"I'll tell you," said Bessie. "I've told no one."

Mother would think me out of my mind."

Just then a gentleman entered the place, walked into the room, ordered a cup of chocolate, and sat with his back to them sipping it. The women were so much interested in their talk that they did not even hear him come in.

"Some folk are over-sensible," said auntie. "Aweel, lass; gang on."

"It was lonesome Hallow-e'en," said Bessie, "and we were a-bed by ten; but at half-past eleven I slipped out, and took what you told me—"

"The smock?" asked auntie plainly.

"Yes; and went to the place where the lands met, and dipped the left sleeve in the water and hung it to dry. Then, auntie, I sat down under the willow, near the well, and I said a name to myself. I won't tell you what name, but it's the only one I ever cared about, or ever shall. And, auntie, the clock struck twelve as I said it, and in a minute more there he was—the—the one I was thinking of. I saw him plain, auntie, and he went straight toward the bushes!"

"Did he turn the sleeve?" asked auntie, strong in faith.

"I don't know. I fainted away."

"Ye silly lass!" said Auntie. "But no doubt he did; and whatever he was, he's to be yere husband. It never failed yet. It's to be."

"I don't know about that, auntie," said Bessie; "but I saw him."

"I knew that spell never failed," said auntie. "Now wait ye here a bit till I mak the lad within gie me change, and I'll come back. Mind the parcels. They'll steal the teeth out of your head in New York here."

Away went auntie.

"Bessie," said a voice behind her.

Bessie turned her head. The gentleman who had ordered a cup of chocolate had spoken to her, and his whiskers were grown so long and his shoulders so broad that she could hardly believe that it was Henry Hunter.

"It's a year and a half since I saw you," he said.

"Yes," she answered, trying to speak calmly; "and how have you been all this while?"

"I never thought we should be parted so long," he said, not answering her; "but they told me down in the city that you were going to marry that young doctor, and I supposed you'd not care for news from me."

"I've never been engaged to any one," said Bessie. "If I had I should have cared."

"Not as I wanted you to," said Harry. "Bessie, I've never forgotten you an instant. Last Hallow-e'en I travelled down to Beverly, just to take my chance of seeing a light in your window, or catching a glimpse of you somehow. I thought you'd have the Hallow-e'en party as usual, and I'd see you, if it was dancing with some one else. I—I—Bessie, darling, I heard every word you said to auntie. It was me you saw by the old well on All-Hallow-e'en. If it was me you were thinking of, I shall be the happiest man on earth."

Bessie said nothing, but it made no difference. They understood each other.

There was a wedding at the Burns' farm the next Hallow-e'en, and I'm afraid auntie still helps the cause of superstition along by telling how "my ain niece saw the laddie she was to marry, by trying a Hallow-e'en spell."

But that little story of how Henry crossed the meadow to catch a glimpse of her, and of how Bessie saw him in the flesh as she sat waiting under the willow for his wraith, are part of a pretty story that the two kept to themselves.

THE WORTH OF A WEEK.

A week will free fields hidden by the winter's heavy snow;
A week in wooded fastnesses will bid the hyacinth grow;
A week will see it fade and die with not a trace behind;
A week? An hour destroys the oak before the tempest's wind.

A week will bear the gallant ship far from its native home;
A week and ocean's wandering troops to land delighted come;
A week on furrowed soil the corn springs like an emerald gem;
A week? A day, when ripe, will spoil Ceres brown diadem.

A week will see the pasture grass piled in the stack as hay;
A week beholds the fair moon wane before the coming day;
A week expands the budding rose, its leaves pale, shrink, and fall;
A week? A day will know the storm, the calm, the bow, and all.

A week you bid me rest alone; unbid I think of you;
A week? Why try regard a week you know full well is true?
A week of sunless days seem drear to bird, or flower, or heart;
A week? A day is long enough for those who love to part.

A CONTRAST—FIENDISH MEN AND SELF-SACRIFICING WOMEN.

A destructive fire occurred recently in Champaign, Illinois. Half the business part of the city was destroyed. The *Champaign Union*, in its account of the dire calamity, contrasts the conduct on the occasion of certain men with that of some generous women, as follows:

It is a sad commentary upon humanity that there are human vultures who will take advantage of such dire misfortune as this to prey upon their species. Yet so it is, and these inhuman monsters were there and at work. Houses in different portions of the city were broken into and sacked of their contents, while their owners were away fighting for the lives and property of their neighbours. The closest vigilance of the police and citizens was required to protect the goods thrown into the streets from the hands of these despicable wretches.

We cannot close this article without saying a word in commendation of the heroic conduct of the ladies, who laboured with zeal in removing goods, carrying water, and performing noble service wherever and whenever the opportunity offered. Their action formed a striking contrast to that of many of the "lords of creation," who stood idly and indifferently by with their hands in their pockets, watching the progress of the flames, without raising a hand to assist in quelling them. To the ladies in question we say, Heaven bless your generous and self-forgetting efforts; and to the men, Shame upon you! let your conduct never disgrace you and your sex in like manner again.

"I WANT to be an angel," Bobby kept singing, at the top of his voice, except when he was teasing the cat, spilling his milk, contradicting Bridget, or making mud-pies; "I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand." "That is all well and good when the time comes," cried Bridget, at last, quite out of temper; "but before you can get to be an angel, Bobby, you must just want to be a good boy. Good children is the stuff angels are made of; mind that, sir. Put it this way: 'I want to be a good boy, and with the good boys stand,'—then folks can know how much you mean it." Bobby did not like Bridget's view of the case, so he made up a lip, and walked off. Too many profess superior religion to their companion in the same spirit as Bobby sang.

THE PIANO-TUNER'S STORY.

"You are a pair of precious young fools, and that's the best I can find to say about you!" said Aunt George.

Her name was Mrs. Georgiana Anderson, but the sweet abbreviation "Georgie" was never used to her; as soon might one think of patting the head of a Justice of the Supreme Court, or venturing on familiarities with a Bishop! Everybody called her "Aunt George;" and as she walked with a measured, heavy tread, like a grenadier, and had a very visible moustache, the name didn't seem at all inappropriate.

She was Lizzie's Aunt George—not mine. And she had brought Lizzie up, in her queer, down-right fashion, never giving her a kiss or a caress, or an endearing word, yet withal being kind to her after her own way.

I wish I could describe Lizzie Anderson to you, as she really was. A little dimpled, blue-eyed creature, with long shady lashes, and a shy way of looking at you, like a child; a girl whose voice was low and flute-sweet, and who moved about quietly and noiselessly, like a sweet spring wind rustling the flowers. And only eighteen too; that was what aggravated Aunt George the most of all.

"I wasn't married until I was five and thirty!" said Aunt George; "but you young people can't be contented without rushing headlong into the vortex. It would be different if you were rich; but dear me!" and she rubbed her nose perplexedly, "Joe is nothing on earth but a poor piano-tuner, and you haven't one solitary penny of your own, Lizzie."

"We shall be very economical, Aunt George," Lizzie answered cheerfully.

"And you'll have to be," answered the old lady, grimly.

It is my intention to be perfectly frank with the reader. I shall not disguise from him the fact that I had, in our confidential talks, asked Lizzie if she thought Aunt George would do anything for us in a pecuniary way.

"Oh, dear, no!" Lizzie had answered, shaking her brown curls in a most decided fashion. "She always told me never to expect anything from her; and besides, Joe, she has nothing to give!"

There was no getting over these two facts, taken either together or separately.

"There's one comfort, Lizzie," said I stoutly; "we are young and strong and brave-hearted, and we'll not ask aid of anybody."

"Of course we won't, Joe," said Lizzie, her blue eyes sparkling like dew-wet violets at sunrise.

"I did wish, once or twice, that my business had been something more lucrative than piano-tuning, but it was what I had been brought up to, and I had a pretty good run of custom on the whole, and as Lizzie said, 'A little will go a great way when you are careful of it.'"

"You'll see, Joe," she added blithely, "that I shall make a splendid housekeeper."

We had just a hundred and fifty dollars to furnish our little second floor with. I can see the smile on the face of those who pay a hundred and fifty dollars for a satin-wood *secretaire*, or a malachite-topped table; but I can assure them our two rooms looked delightfully cozy, with the red and green ingrain carpet and neat stained furniture. Lizzie made draperies for the window and mantel out of an old red merino dress of Aunt George's, rejuvenated with fringe and tassels in the most marvellous manner, and we painted the wood-work ourselves, to save expense, not a commonplace white, but the softest of pearly pinks. Lizzie said it looked exactly like a doll's house, and perhaps she wasn't very far wrong.

"Such a pair of fools!" reiterated Aunt George, in a prophetic mood; "but there's one comfort—it won't last long."

"Why shouldn't it, Aunt George?" asked Lizzie, colouring and smiling, in that pretty, flower-like way of hers.

"Humph!" said Aunt George, "If you come to that, why don't the sunshine last for ever?"

"So it might, if there were no clouds," Lizzie answered softly.

"Ah, child!" sighed Aunt George, "you're young now, so enjoy it as much as you can. We can't be young twice over, more's the pity!"

So we were married quietly as became our humble estate and moderate expectations, and went to spend a few days in the country, where I had a sister living on a great, breezy, old-fashioned farm. Do you think Lizzie and I will ever forget those days, even if we live to be as old as Methuselah?

It was a November evening when we came to the "doll's house," where the red merino draperies glowed warmly in the ruddy shine of the fire, and the tea-kettle was singing out its homely lay of welcome.

"Lizzie," said I, softly, "are you glad to come home?"

And she answered, more with her eyes than her lips:

"Oh, so very, very glad! for we are going to be happy here. I know it as well as if I saw all the years stretched out before me on a map."

My little prophet of good!

Our first year was very blissful, especially after the baby came to make our lives musical with his little cooing voice; but after that the hard times came. Not that we repined. Lizzie and I were brave to endure whatever we could bear together; yet it went to my heart to see her growing pale and thin, through sitting up nights to sew and earn a little extra money because my business was dull. And, almost before we knew it, the bills began to accumulate, and the rent got behind.

"This won't do, Joe," said Lizzie, gravely, "we must do without meat."

"That is nothing," said I, laughing, although I felt little enough inclined to be mirthful: "but we cannot very well do without a roof over our heads."

"Don't fret, Joe," said my little heartsome wife. "We shall not want. Something will be sure to happen."

"But what can happen, Lizzie? The days of miracles are over. There are no Elijahs and ravens in these times."

"Yes there are, Joe," said Lizzie, cheerfully, "although we don't always know it at the time. There is an order for you to tune a piano up in Fiftieth-street; isn't that a raven?"

And she held the little strip of paper triumphantly up before me.

When I came back from Fiftieth-street, Lizzie met me at the door with humid eyes and a troubled face.

"What is the matter?" I cried. "Lizzie—not the baby? Nothing has happened to him?"

"No!" Lizzie answered; "he is quite well, and fast asleep, like a little white lamb. But—Aunt George is dead."

"Aunt George?" I repeated vacantly.

"Yes, she died this morning, and I could not be sent for in time to receive her last breath. Oh, Joe, she was very, very kind to me."

Are we men naturally so selfish, or was I, hunted and driven by want, an exception to the ordinary rule? For I confess that, as Lizzie stood there looking tearfully up in my face, the first thought that followed the entrance of this unexpected news into my brain, was—would Aunt George leave us any thing? I supposed Lizzie was her sole living relation, and surely in all these years, though her income was small, she must have saved something.

But I am thankful to remember that I never told Lizzie what was in my mind.

"She was very old, dear," I said, striving to comfort my grieved wife; "over threescore and ten. It is the allotted age of humanity, and you know she had grown to be very feeble."

"And I know she's better off," said Lizzie, "but, Joe, she is all the mother I ever had."

We went to Aunt George's funeral the next day, and her will was read—a very brief document—in which she bequeathed her simple household furniture and belongings to a nephew in Wisconsin, and "to Elizabeth, wife of Joseph Allen, of — street, as a token of the affectionate remembrance of the deceased, her piano."

A tuneless, jangling instrument, half a century old, with carved spindle legs, ornaments of inlaid brass, and keys as yellow as Aunt George's own complexion. I laughed out contemptuously when I heard the words. But Lizzie laid her hand gently on my arm.

"It was Aunt George's, dear," she said, softly, "and we must cherish it for her sake. Besides," in a whisper, "think how it will amuse the baby."

And that was the end of all my expectations of an inheritance from Lizzie's Aunt George.

The old piano was duly carted home the next day. If it had been a fashionable instrument, of modern make, they could never have got it up the narrow stair-way; but it looked quite friendly and home-like opposite the fireplace, its lank proportions covered by a faded green cloth.

I shrank back with a little grimace as Lizzie touched the keys to make baby laugh.

"Of course it is out of tune, Joe," she said merrily, "but you'll soon set that right. And I shall rub up my practice again in no time."

It happened to be a very dull time just then, so I had nothing else to do but to take Lizzie's advice, and in just half an hour I had the old instrument nearly dissected, much to Mr. Baby's edification, as he sat gravely on the floor in the midst of the interior developments of the ancient piano.

And now comes the most marvellous part of my story.

All piano-tuners know that when you take away the front piece above the key-board, there is a hollow place of considerable extent, in any instrument of ordinary size. And as I stooped to blow the dust away from this place, I saw a bundle or roll of what looked like ragged papers lying at the extremest corner. Mechanically I took it up; it was a roll of bills, fastened round with a yellowed slip of paper, on which was written, "For my niece Lizzie."

"Lizzie!" I cried breathlessly, "Lizzie!" and she was at my side in an instant.

And, if you will believe me, there were five hundred dollars, the accumulated savings of Aunt George's frugal life; and this was what she had meant by giving her piano to us.

That five hundred dollars was the starting-point of the snug little fortune we have since scraped together; and if Aunt George could know how much her bequest has done for us, I think it would do her kindly heart good.

And to this day I never take a piano apart, without a serious peep into the hollow repository, lest perchance it should contain some concealed mystery. But I have never found anything since, and probably never shall. People seldom have more than one romance in the course of their lives.

NEW BOOKS.

Lord Kilgobbin: a Tale of Ireland in our own Time. By CHARLES LEVER. (London: Smith and Elder, 15, Waterloo-place.)

LORD KILGOBBIN is just concluded in the pages of *Cornhill*, which position is in itself a recommendation and a testimony of merit. It is not written in the made-up, rollicking style of Lever's early novels, when his exuberant spirits carried his readers along with his stories in a whirl of excitement; but it is not inferior, only different; being a good, well-written novel.

JUVENILE PUBLICATIONS.

William Henry and his Friends. By Mrs. A. M. DIAZ. (Warne and Co., Bedford-street, Covent-garden.)

THIS is a story of homely American domestic life. A good deal made up of conversation full of conventionalisms, but which does not strike us as being very interesting to the general reader.

The Old Farm House; or, Alice Morton's Home, and other Stories. By M. M. POLLARD. (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.)

THE first story is of a homely character, as the title promises. Little Alice, the heroine, is instrumental in drawing her father's heart to "things not of this world," and all ends happily. "An Aerial Voyage," the next composition, contains much information about the sun, moon, and planets. "Gold, or Iron Question," and "The Three Screens," are stories of a moral and religious tendency.

Jaqueline: a Story of the Reformation in Holland. By Mrs. HARDY. (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.)

A WELL written and very interesting tale, comprised in one little volume, embellished by well drawn illustrations.

Wilton School; or, Harry Campbell's Revenge. By Lord WEATHERLY, B.A. (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.)

AN amusing tale of a boy's life. The tendency is religious, but not unduly prominent. The ending, poor Harry's watery death whilst saving an enemy's life, is a sad one.

Percy and Ida. By KATHERINE MAY. (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.)

ANOTHER well written story of child life.

Lame Felix: a Book for Boys; full of Proverb and Story. By CHARLES BRUCE. (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.)

THIS book certainly fulfils its promise of being full of proverbs, but it is of rather too serious a style to please the ordinary run of youngsters; a thoughtful lad, fond of moralising, would appreciate it.

Twynford Hall: or, Rosa's Christmas Dinner, and what she did with it. By CHARLES BRUCE. (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.)

AN interesting and lively narrative, with a pretty coloured frontispiece.

Description of our Illustrations.

FRONTISPIECE.

The Paris modes, visiting and dinner dresses.

FIG. 1.—Robe of pearl grey faille, with upright puffs of white faille edged with quilled grey ribbon a shade darker than the dress. Tunic, white, edged with white lace set on with a frill of ribbon of the lightest shade of grey. Second tunic, or basque of the grey, also edged with lace and darker ribbon. Bodice grey. Berthe of lace and a little frill of ribbon. Between each of the ribbon frills is a frill of lace a little wider. Small puff sleeves of grey edged with lace. In the hair scarlet leaves and a white flower. Necklace, &c., pearls, silver, or coral. Gloves, pearl grey, six buttons. Sash of grey faille ribbon fringed *en suite*.

FIG. 2.—Robe of violet faille, with a deep flounce, with a heading and a wide band. On the band a pinked-out ruche. Polonaise of black velvet lined with white satin and edged with a ruche of black faille. Sleeve slashed with white satin. Cuff of faille kilt pleated. Bonnet, violet terry silk trimmed with terry ribbon, white ostrich feathers, and a tea rose. Also an aigrette. Hair in ringlets. Gloves, pale buff.

FANCY WORK.

FIG. 3.—Crochet border for a quilt, &c.—The materials: H. Walker's crochet hook No. 1, and W. Ewan's Boar's Head crochet cotton No. 2. If for the border of loose sleeves, No. 3 crochet hook, and No. 16 or 20 cotton. Commence by making a chain the length required; turn, miss 1, and work in double crochet to the end, which will form the 1st row, and fasten off. 2nd row: 9 chain, miss 4, and 1 double; repeat to the end, and fasten off. 3rd row: Through the centre stitch of the 1st 9 chain work 1 double, then 5 chain, and 1 double through the centre of each 9 chain to the end of the row, and fasten off. 4th row: *, through each of the 1st 4 loops of 5 chain work 1 double, 1 chain, 5 treble, 1 chain, and 1 double, then 7 chain, miss the next loop of 5 chain, and repeat from * to the end, and fasten off. 5th row: 1 treble in the centre of the 1st 5 treble, then 5 chain and 1 treble through the centre of each of the next three escallops formed by the treble stitches; *, then 3 chain, and through the next loop of 7 chain work 1 treble, 5 chain, and 1 treble, then 3 chain and 1 treble through the centre of the next 5 treble, then 5 chain and 1 treble through the centre of each of the next 3 escallops formed by the treble stitches; repeat from * to the end, and fasten off. 6th row: *, through each of the 3 loops of 5 chain work 1 double, 1 chain, 5 treble, 1 chain, and 1 double, then 3 chain, and through the next loop of 5 chain work 3 treble, 3 chain, and 3 treble, then 3 chain, and repeat from * to the end, and fasten off. 7th row: *, 1 treble through the centre of the 5 treble of the 1st escallop, then 5 chain and 1 treble through each of the next two escallops, then 3 chain and 3 treble in the 3 treble, and through the loop of 3 chain work 2 treble, 3 chain, and 2 treble; and upon the treble stitches 3 treble, then 3 chain, and repeat from * to the end, and fasten off. 8th row: Through each of the 1st 2 loops of 5 chain work 1 double, 1 chain, 5 treble, 1 chain, and 1 double; *, then 2 chain, miss 2, and 7 treble, then 3 chain, miss 1, which is the centre stitch of the 3 chain, and work 7 treble, then 2 chain, miss 2 of the next 3 chain, and through each of the next 2 loops of 5 chain work 1 double, 1 chain, 5 treble, 1 chain, and 1 double; repeat from * to the end, and fasten off. 9th row: *, 1 treble through the 1st 5 treble; then 5 chain and 1 treble through the centre of the next 5 treble; then 3 chain, 9 treble, 3 chain, and repeat from * to the end and fasten off. 10th row: Through the first * 5 chain, work 1 double, 1 chain, 5 treble, 1 chain, and 1 double; then 3 chain, miss 2 of the next 3 chain, and work 9 treble; then 3 chain, miss 1, and 9 treble; then 3 chain, and through the next repeat from *. 11th row: Composed of *, 5 chain and 1 double, 9 times on the treble stitches, and 5 chain and 1 double in the centre of the 5 treble; repeat from * to the end, and fasten off. 12th row: 5 chain and 1 double through each loop of chain to the end, and fasten off.

FIG. 4.—Design for a leaf in leather work.

FIG. 5.—Bow Helene, for the Neck.—The materials.—Suisse muslin, rose taffetas ribbon, white Brussels net, Boar's Head crochet cotton Nos. 20 and 30, and a small shuttle, together with about two yards of Valenciennes lace edging. Our model is composed of two bows of rose taffetas, one at each side, and each box pleated in the form of a fan, and from the centre depends two long ends of the ribbon. The draped end, which passes down the centre, and which is formed of one large

vandyke, is composed of the muslin for the upper part, with a graduated insertion of net, ornamented down the centre with a succession of tatted stars, each formed of 7 ovals, and each oval containing 5 pearl loops with 2 double between, and on either side dots on the net, formed with the needle and cotton in darning. The edge of the net on either side is finished with an edging of crochet composed of little leaves, each leaf formed with three loops; the 1st and 3rd loops are 9 chain, and the middle one 11 chain, with, between each leaf, 9 double on the net, taking firm hold of it. The border insertion is formed the same as the centre one, and the edge is composed of a frilling of the Valenciennes lace. When complete, this muslin and lace end should be sewn to the back of the bow, as seen in our engraving, and should droop over the ends of taffetas. This bow should be fastened by a brooch.

FIG. 6.—Group of grapes for leather work.

FIG. 7.—The shamrock edging in tatting and crochet.—The materials: A small shuttle, and Boar's Head crochet cotton, No. 20 and H. Walker's crochet hook No. 4. 1st shamrock: After filling the shuttle, form a loop for the 1st oval, then work 4 double, 1 pearl, 3 double, 1 pearl and 5 double, and draw close; then form a loop quite close for the 2nd oval, and work 5 double; then 1 pearl and 3 double twice, 1 pearl, 5 double, and draw close; then form a loop close for the 3rd oval, and work 5 double, 1 pearl, 3 double, 1 pearl, and 4 double, draw close, and fasten off by knotting the ends together. This completes the 1st shamrock. The 2nd shamrock is formed the same as the 1st, with the exception of joining the centre of the 1st oval to the centre of the 3rd, as seen in our illustration. Repeat as 2nd shamrock to the length required, and fasten off. Along the top work a row thus: 1 double through the pearl of the 1st oval of the leaf; *, then 4 chain, and 1 treble between the 1st and last ovals of the leaf; then 4 chain, and 1 double through the pearl of the next oval, then 4 chain and 1 double through the pearl of the next oval of the next leaf. Repeat from * to the length required, and fasten off. 2nd row: Work 3 double, 4 chain, and 3 double through each loop of 4 chain to the end, and fasten off. 3rd row: Work a row of chain and double stitches, making the double come through each loop of 4 chain, and fasten off.

FIG. 8.—Design for a fender stool, tablecloth border, &c. The crosses scarlet, the dots deep buff. The slanting lines azure blue. The angles verdigris green (in filoselle). The rings light Havannah. Ground with deep claret or purple.

THE LATEST PARIS FASHIONS.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Spring costumes have been but little displayed on account of the cold and changeable weather, that has left it scarcely possible to discard velvet and fur. For summer, and as soon as the temperature of the atmosphere permits it, we shall have costumes of taffetas, trimmed with ribbons of faille, and moires and reps.

Favourite colours will be a leather grey, Havannah brown, "rays of the sun," buff, shades of green, blue, rose, and light tints almost white; also silver grey and shades of lilac. This is but a bare suggestion of the tints to be worn, which are certainly numerous enough to please all votaries of fashion, and suit the exigencies of all complexions.

A lady-like costume is a light Havannah brown silk, not quite short, but only a little on the ground. It has a very deep flounce only slightly full, and headed by a frill lapping over it. This frill is not full, and is set on with a very narrow band, above which is a little upright pleating. An interval the width of the frill is permitted to be seen, and then a second frill, rather narrower, encircles the skirt.

The tunic is very graceful. It is simply a second skirt not so long as the first by three quarters of a yard, and longer before than behind. The edge is mitred and bound, and beneath is a deep fringe with a lattice heading. The tunic is suspended at each side to the hips, wrinkling into a drapery across the front. The body is made with a waistcoat front, and jacket forming two pointed ends each side, mitred round. Behind is a very deep-rounded basque looking like a cape, mitred and fringed. To make the hanging sleeve, the upper half is cut two inches shorter at the wrist, and open to the elbow, a couple of inches being taken off that part also. This is mitred, and a plain piece laid on under to bring it to the size of the under half. The back of the sleeve under the mitring from the wrist to the elbow is fringed. Round the neck is a band like a double fold, very flat.

We recently saw a very rich and elegant bridal

dress made for a lady of high rank. It was composed of white faille with a long train, round which at the extremity was a Brussels lace flounce half a yard deep. The tunic was rounded before and behind, and formed a well defined curve in front by being looped up nearly to the hips, and edged by two lace flounces, one deeper than the other, the deepest only a little narrower than the skirt on the flounce. At the head of the lace was a quilling of faille ribbon. The bodice was a deep tight-fitting jacket of the white faille, just such a shape as a velvet jacket for out-door wear might be made. This was edged by a fall of Brussels lace, a little narrower than the garniture of the tunic. The bodice was simply buttoned to the waist by small faille buttons. The sleeves were cut coat shape, a little below the elbow, where a fall of the deep lace like that on the tunic, headed by a ribbon frill, converted them into the bell pattern. Round the throat was a very narrow quilling of narrower ribbon than that on the tunic and jacket. There was no band or sash, but at the waist in front a small informal shaped sprig of orange blossom. The veil was arranged in front under, and behind over, a half wreath of orange blossom, and was very long.

A similar costume could be made very becomingly with Limerick lace, or of white gros grain with gros grain flounces each edged with lace. Another pretty and less costly way to make a bridal dress after the same pattern would be of dead white silk, substituting for the lace flounces fine white muslin edged with narrow Valenciennes or merely hemmed and very finely kilt pleated—the pleats well marked down the whole width.

A very pretty dress for a little girl may be made with as much simplicity as style, thus: Plain skirt of silver grey silk with a narrow frill set on under a half-inch band and with a little heading above it—at the extremity about four inches deep. Rather low square bodice, with short sleeves, of black velvet, cut with a basque, forming four deep square tabs, open in front, behind, and on each hip. The tabs are about six inches deep, and are edged round as well as the neck and short sleeves, with a very narrow frill of black silk with a heading and narrow band over the stitches. A waist-band is secured behind with a large black silk bow. Under this bodice is worn a Garibaldi, the body made with narrow tucks; the sleeves drawn length ways between stripes of very narrow black ribbon velvet. The body should be of white muslin when the weather permits, but otherwise may be of grey silk.

This costume is also very pretty, the skirt and low jacket made of the same material, and the Garibaldi white muslin, white alpaca, or, if the dress is black or grey, of coloured Cachmere.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Cut up six or eight oranges, add one-half teacupful of sugar, as if for supper; then make a soft custard with two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, one-half cup of sugar, yolks of three eggs, and one pint of milk. When cold put over the orange, then froth the whites and put on top. In frothing the whites, I sift over the sugar-flour and then brown in a warm oven. It is a very handsome dish.

MOCK APPLE PIE.—Four-square soda biscuit pounded fine; one teacupful of cold water; two teacupfuls of sugar; rind, pulp, and juice of one lemon. It can hardly be distinguished from the fruit pie, and is very nice.

LOBSTER SALAD.—Take a lobster weighing two pounds and chop fine, with two teaspoonfuls of French mustard, two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil, the yolk of three hard-boiled eggs rubbed smooth with the oil and mustard, half a teaspoonful of fine salt, one gill of best cider vinegar, one head of lettuce chopped with the lobster. Save the centre leaves of the lettuce with the whites of the eggs to garnish with. A few pieces of boiled beet is quite an improvement to the beauty of the dish. Celery will do when lettuce cannot be obtained.

Good value for money is desired by all; but with articles that cannot be judged of by appearance, careful purchasers rely on the high standing of those with whom they deal. For thirty years Horniman's Pure Teas (in packets) have given general satisfaction, being exceedingly strong, of uniform good quality, and truly cheap. Sold by 2,538 Agents—Chemists, Confectioners, and Booksellers.

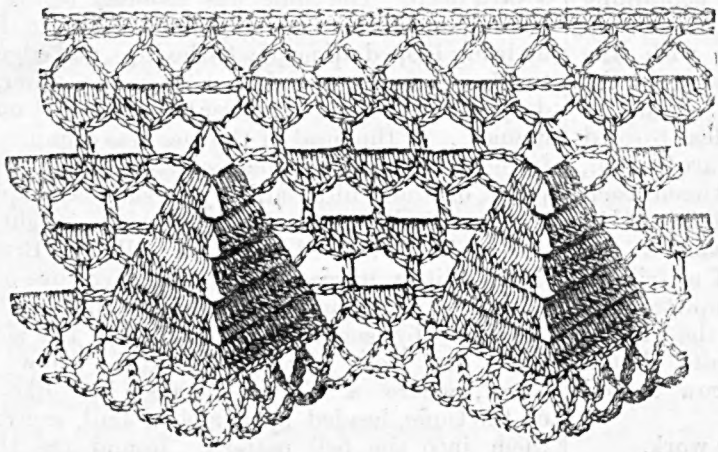


FIG. 3.

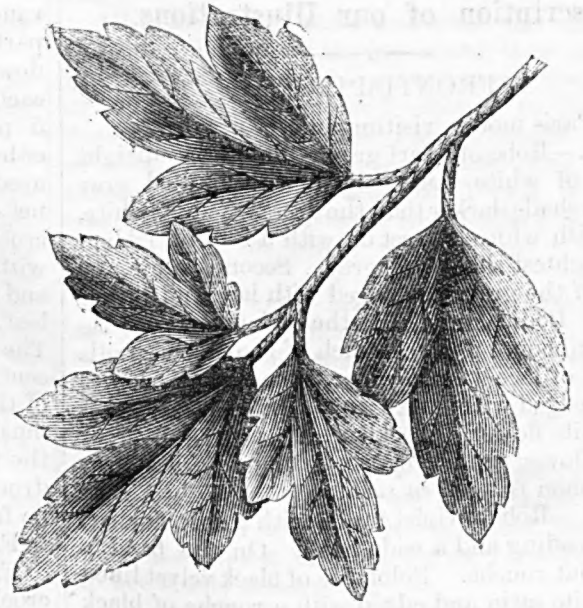


FIG. 4.

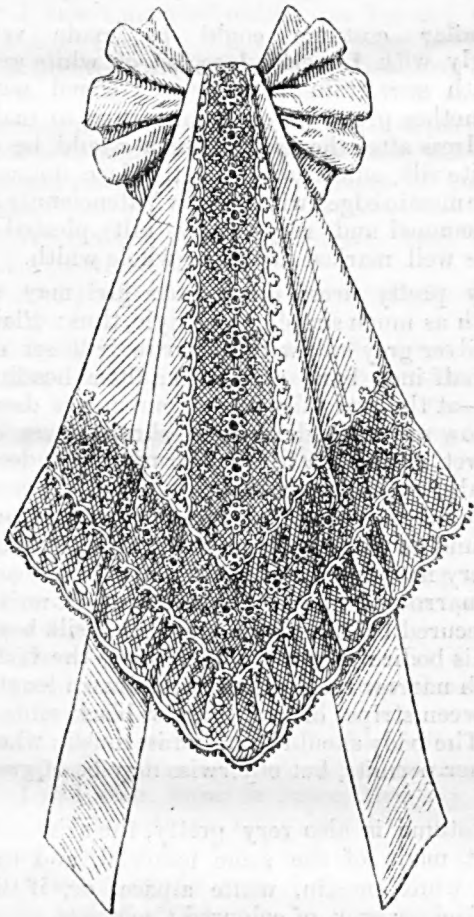


FIG. 5.

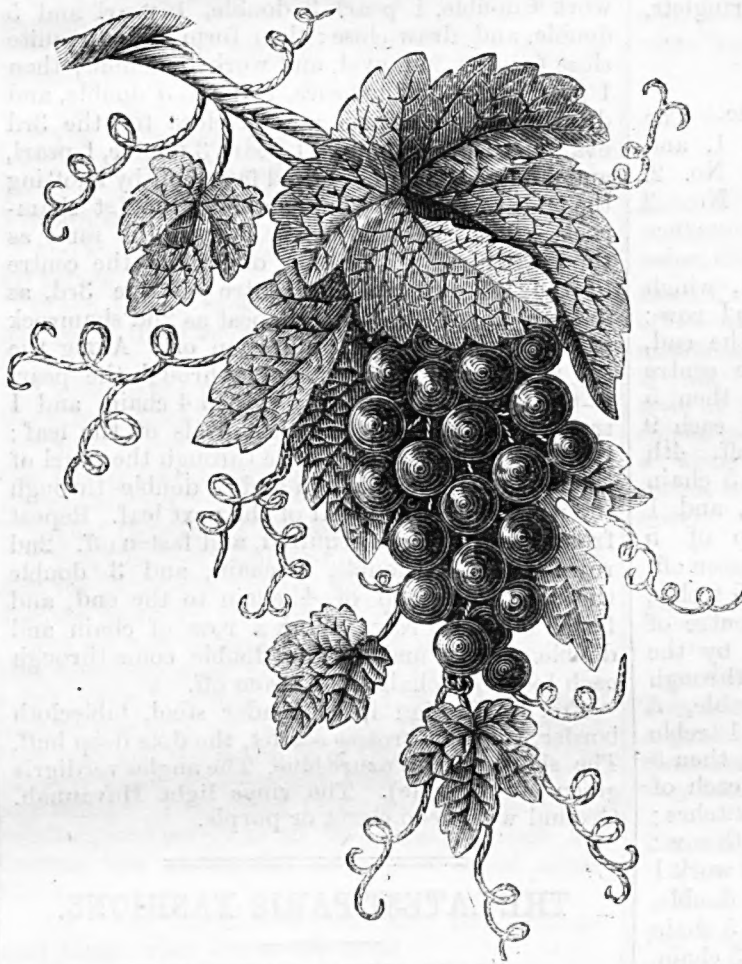


FIG. 6.

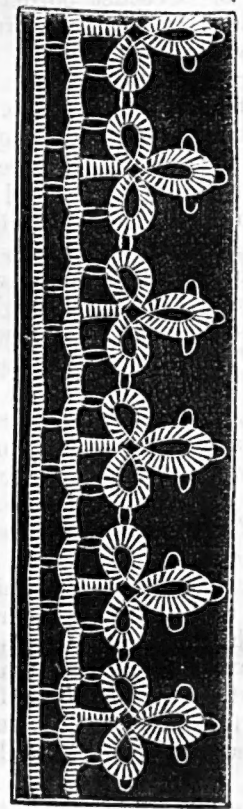


FIG. 7.

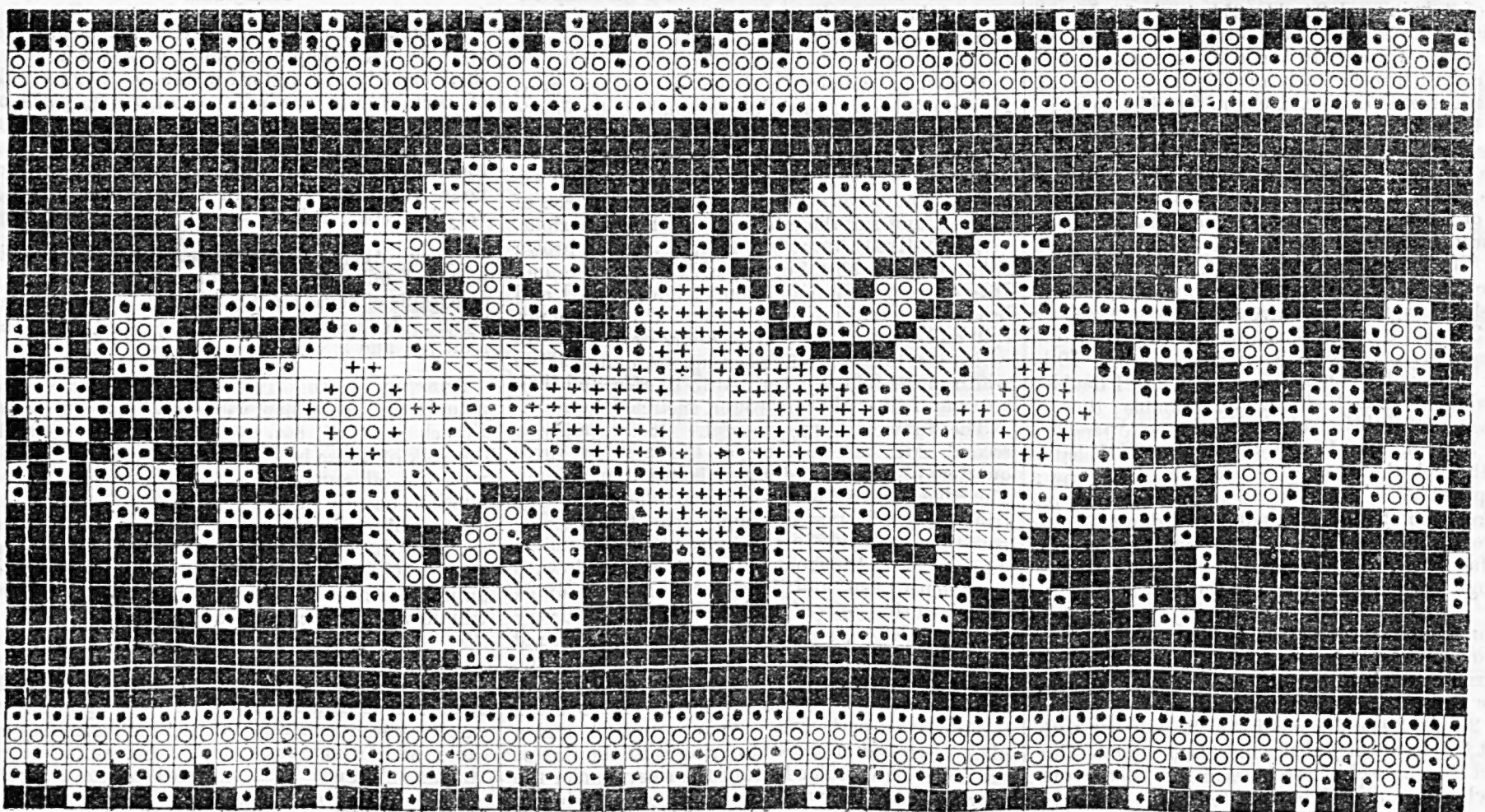


FIG. 8.

UNCLE PHIL'S RUSE.

"You are quite sure you love her, my boy?"

"Love her? Why, uncle, I adore her! How could I help it, seeing her every evening for three months past, and listening to her sweet voice? If you knew her, uncle, you would not ask such a question. To know her is to love her, my beautiful, charming Isabel!"

"Are you perfectly certain you know her, Frank?" asked uncle Phil., with a comical smile.

you'll never know her until you see her only with her home folks. See and know the *daughter* and *sister*, and then tell me you know Isabel Courtney the *woman*; and if still you are as much in love and determined to marry her, I will have to yield. You have not committed yourself?"

"No, uncle; although hundreds of times I have been on the eve of throwing myself at her feet and declaring my love, my promise given you, never to marry without consulting you, has restrained me. But really, uncle, I think you are rather too particular. I imagine it is this that has

Frank, ever impulsive, started up, clasped his uncle's hand, and exclaimed:

"Forgive me, uncle, if I have wounded you."

"No, my boy, you have not. Now to return to the subject so important to you. I am glad you have not told Miss Courtney of your affection, or rather of your temporary infatuation."

A frown darkened Frank's handsome face, and he turned impatiently away.

"Ah, now it is my turn to say 'forgive me.' But, really, Frank, if you will reflect—let your mind go back only six months—you will admit I have good



FIG. 9.

"Have I not told you, uncle, that every evening for nearly three months past has been spent with her?"

"Yes, that may be, and still you not know her. Whenever you have been with her, she has been expecting you, or some other young fellow that she intended to charm. So, you are acquainted with the belle and beauty Miss Isabel Courtney; but, my boy, have you ever gone in on her during the day, when she was not prepared for callers?"

"No, sir, I have not; but—"

"Never mind. Wait until I finish, then you can go on with your rhapsodies. Well, Frank,

kept you single all this time. You have never been able to find perfection, or any woman coming up to your standard of what a woman should be."

"No, my boy. You are mistaken. I've known many very lovely women fully up to my ideal. But, Frank, the memory of one in Heaven, the first, the last, the only loved, is dearer to me than any living woman can ever be; and looking forward to a union with her in the world beyond, I am waiting our Father's call to find her," answered uncle Phil., his voice grown softer and sinking lower.

reason for speaking as I do. Remember Marr Fulton. Every evening found you beside her. Dear little girl. I was making myself quite happy with the hope of ending my days with her as your wife, Frank. You were loud in your praises of her until you met Miss Courtney."

"Yes, uncle, I know it. I did, and do still, think Mary a very loveable little girl; but—"

"Well, boy, out with it. But what?"

"Well, uncle, Mary is pretty, gentle, sweet, tempered, and no doubt would make a good wife. But—ah!—"

"Ah, my boy, I see you are a little ashamed to tell your objections."

"No, sir, not at all. You must readily agree with me that Mary is not the wife for a man in such a position as I hold. I'm expected to entertain a great deal of company, and am thrown much into fashionable society. Now Mary is such a home-spun little thing, so very domestic. I want a woman with grace, dignity, and ease, to preside at my entertainments—one I shall be proud of. Now, uncle, you have the whole truth."

"And so my dear little Mary, with her artlessness, natural grace, and acquisitions which should be considered accomplishments, is cast aside for a fashionable butterfly! Ah, Frank, I fear you are not likely to secure happiness by this decision."

"Uncle, I never once, during the month I visited Mary, said one word of love to her."

"Words of love, may be not; but what did your actions tell, Frank—your looks? I understood them, and so did she, and everybody else who saw you with her. You have not behaved just right, Frank."

"If I have won from Mary more than a friendly regard, uncle, I am very sorry. I really thought I loved her until I saw Isabel; and still I have a warm regard for her."

"Well, well, my boy, I hope everything may turn out for the happiness of all. Now I've a little plan to suggest, which, if you will agree to, I think you will be better acquainted with your lady-love's true character; also that of Mary. After which, if you come again to me, and tell me you still wish to marry Miss Courtney, I will no longer oppose you."

"Well, uncle, knowing you will not suggest anything that a man of honour should hesitate about, I'll consent," answered Frank.

And Uncle Phil., closing the library door, proceeded to disclose his plan.

Frank listened until his uncle had concluded, and then, after a merry laugh, he said:

"All right. I've no doubt of the result. But really, uncle, I had no idea you were such a plotter. You have missed your vocation, I truly think."

"*Au revoir*," said Frank that night, after having accompanied Isabel home from a ball. She had seemed more beautiful and charming than ever, and Frank, when he bade her good-night, said to himself:

"To-morrow I shall be the happiest man living or—Pshaw! I'm foolish to think for a moment of anything else. She will stand the test."

It was near noon of the next day that a hand-cart, filled with beautiful plants, was stopped before Mr. Courtney's. The man, ascending the steps, rang the bell and handed in a card, on which was written, "For Miss Courtney."

As the man stood waiting directions concerning the removal of the plants, he heard a pleasant voice call:

"Isabel, dear, do come down?" and the cross, irritable answer:

"I'm not ready, and it is no use to hurry me! You expect me to get down to breakfast when I did not retire until after midnight. I think you might have sent it up to me!"

There was a grieved look in the mother's eye, a slight quiver of her lips, as she went to the foot of the stairs and said:

"It is not to come to breakfast. That is over hours ago. Yours is waiting whenever you wish it. I called you to come and see the beautiful flowers some one has sent you, and direct the man where you wish them placed."

"Oh!" in a modified tone; and a few moments after, Miss Courtney came down.

If she had not been so intently admiring the flowers, she might have noticed the look of astonishment depicted on the face of the man waiting to do her bidding—and well there might be.

Could it be possible that was the girl of whose beauty and sweetness so many praises were sung?

A morning robe, dingy and soiled, caught up here and there by pins—substitutes for stitches—neither belted nor corded, but flowing loosely and trailing around her; her front hair still in crimpers, the back caught in a tangled mass under a net. She presented not the slightest resemblance to the belle of the night before.

"Take them in, and place them in the windows of the dining-room for the present," Isabel said. Going in herself, she dropped into a chair, saying:

"Mamma, tell some one to bring me my breakfast now."

"You will have to wait on yourself a little to-day, Isabel. The cook is sick, and Kitty has gone to market."

Before the mother concluded Isabel snapped out:

"It's always so when I am tired."

"Well, do not worry, dear. Here is your break-

fast. Now eat it while it is warm, and then I want you to assist me a little. Papa is going to bring a friend home to dinner, and we must try to have things just as nice as if our cook prepared them," said Mrs. Courtney, in a coaxing tone.

"Indeed, mamma, if you choose to worry over the dinner, I shall not. I'm not going to ruin my complexion, and make my hands rough, with such work. Besides, I have an engagement at two o'clock. Why could not papa take his friend to a restaurant?"

"My dear, when a gentleman has a home and family, he expects—"

"Expects! Yes, entirely too much. Men are always giving unnecessary trouble. When I have a home of my own, I guess I will have my husband understand he cannot—"

Isabel was suddenly stopped here by a crash; and looking up, she exclaimed:

"Oh, you awkward wretch! You have broken the very prettiest rose!"

The man stopped not to pick up the fragments, or bring in the plants remaining in the entry; but, pulling his slouched hat further over his face, rushed from the room and house.

"Oh, Isabel, how could you speak so! You frightened that poor man. My child, you should try and control yourself. You can be so pleasant at times!" the mother said.

And when Isabel answered:

"Mamma, we neither of us have time for a lecture just now," she turned, with a weary, sad look, and left the room.

The same morning, an hour later, Mary Fulton sat at the window of the pretty, cozy little sitting-room. The needle, which a few moments before she had plied so swiftly, suddenly ceased, and her hands dropped on the work in her lap. Her sweet face had a plaintive expression, which deepened as she sat so idly—nay, busy with thoughts which were far from happy ones surely, for the pretty red lips quivered like a grieved child's. As quickly she dashed away a tear, and said:

"This will never do. Mamma will soon be in, and in an instant her loving eye will detect the trace of even one tear. I must not grieve her. But oh! I wonder what I did to change his feelings toward me? I was so sure he loved me, that I let my poor heart slip from my own keeping. True, he never told me of his love save by looks and acts. These last three months have seemed as years, only twice during which I have seen him, and then with a beautiful girl—the girl, most likely, who has really won his heart. Well, well, I must conquer this affection, and this is not the surest way. I must be busy all the time, giving regrets no chance to linger with me."

Again her fingers were busy with her needle. How pretty she looked in her neat chintz morning dress, with snowy collar, cuffs, and apron, her bright brown hair, her wavy tresses, confined by a blue ribbon.

A few moments more, and she started up, saying:

"I must find something more active than sewing."

Just then a peal from the door bell, and very soon after the servant entered, saying:

"Oh, Miss Mary, come to the door and see the beautiful flowers the man says are for you."

Mary hastened out, to receive from the man a card, on which was written, "For Miss Fulton, No. 22, Waverley-street."

"How beautiful! Who could have sent them? I suppose there can be no mistake. This is my name and number," Mary said, again glancing at the card.

The man expressed his knowledge of the flowers having reached the one for whom they were intended, by going to work unloading his cart, and taking them into the hall.

Just then Mrs. Fulton came in from a walk. Mary stopped, admiring the flowers; then followed her into the sitting-room, and wondered anew who could have sent the beautiful present.

"Shall the man place them in the windows, he says, Miss Mary?" the servant asked.

"Thank him, and say if he has the time to spare," Mary answered.

Immediately after, the man began to bring in and arrange the plants.

"How soon you are back, mamma. Surely you did not get through your shopping!" Mary said, removing her mother's wrappings, and gently seating her in a rocker.

"Yes, love, I came back much sooner than I expected, to bring you a disappointment, I fear, as well as making you very busy to-day. When I reached your father's office, I found there an old friend and school-fellow of his. I thought papa's eyes were asking, as plain as could be, for me to invite him to dine with us to-day, and so I did;

and the gentleman readily accepted my invitation. When I was coming away, papa followed me to the door, and said he was so glad I had asked his friend to our home. And so I hurried back to set you hard to work—never reflecting, until a few moments since, that you had an engagement for the afternoon," answered Mrs. Fulton.

"Do not worry about my engagement. I am glad to stay home and be busy, to make dear papa happy. I can send a note of excuse to my friend, and then to work. Mamma, we will have a dinner papa will be proud of."

Just then came a bang, crash! Mary turned quickly to see, lying on the carpet, the fragments of a pot, and near by the scattered dirt, some still clinging to the roots of a rare rose in full bloom.

Mary might well have been excused if she had got a little out of temper. But she did not. The shade of regret which gathered for an instant on her face quickly passed away, and when the man picked up the rose, and began to mutter some excuse or apology, Mary said:

"Never mind. I hope the rose is not injured much; and if it is, I must not grumble about the accident, for I am still very rich in the possession of so many beautiful ones."

The last flower was placed in the window; and as the door closed on the man, Mary said:

"Poor fellow, I really pitied him! He is so awkward, and seemed either so frightened or bashful he could not raise his eyes." * * * *

"Well, Frank, my boy, the time has expired. Am I to hunt a fitting bridal present for your chosen one? I've been anxiously expecting to hear from you for several days past. I shall be true to my word. Am I to give my consent to, and blessing on, your union with Miss Courtney?"

"No, sir."

"No, sir! Why not?"

"Because I've asked Mary Fulton to be my wife."

"What? Indeed! Hurra! Oh, Frank, you are all right now. How happy we shall all be! But tell me how you so suddenly recovered both sight and senses. I had not expected my little plan to accomplish so sudden a cure," said Uncle Phil., clasping Frank's hand, and shaking it warmly.

"Oh, uncle, spare me a recitation from the first peep behind the scenes. Sufficient to say, I thank you for saving me from 'a leap in the dark,'" said Frank, with a grave face.

"Ah, I see. The lovely belle did not care to be so charming to the awkward, red-headed cartman, as to the very eligible Frank Osborn," said Uncle Phil., with a knowing smile. "But I cannot let you off from some little hints about your second call and peep at the little 'home-spun girl.'"

"Don't, uncle, please, ever say that again. I am ashamed of myself ever to have been so foolish. Well, the red-headed awkward cartman found. Mary Fulton more charming and lovely in every way than ever Frank Osborn had dreamed; more beautiful in her morning dress than in evening toilet—industrious, gentle, amiable, considerate. And so I grew more desperately in love than ever, and learned to adopt completely your idea that 'only a good daughter will make a good wife.'"

"But do you think she can preside with 'ease, grace, and dignity' at your entertainments? Uncle Phil. asked dryly.

"Another thrust, uncle! Well, I deserve it. I know she will. I went in that very evening after my call, and found her entertaining her father's friends. I do not fear but so good and lovely a girl will be all I wish. I felt like picking her up and running off with her that morning, when, after I smashed up her best flower, she was so pleasant about it. Bless her dear little heart! There is no reception hours or company behaviour with her," Frank said, his face glowing with happiness.

Isabel never ceased watching and waiting for Frank's return to her side, until she saw his marriage announced; and then she could never imagine what it was that made her lose him. If she could have imagined that awkward cartman was the exquisite Frank, the mystery would have been solved.

Many times during the days of their courtship, Mary would ask Frank why he came not for those long months to see her. And when he answered by telling of the pressure of business, of course she didn't believe him, but continued to tease him to tell her until the day before their union, when, I suppose thinking it better to begin wedded life with a clear conscience, he told her of Uncle Phil.'s ruse.

Doubly dear the old man became after that. And when, a year after, a baby boy rested in Mary's arms, she called him little Phil. Frank was not jealous a bit, hoping his son might be as good and wise as Uncle Phil.

MY DARLING LITTLE SISTER.

BY GEORGINA C. CLARK.

My darling little sister has a smile like break of day
 And an eye like the clear noon sky,
 The tint upon her soft cheeks is the blossom on the may,
 And I love her I can't say why.
 She gambols like a lambkin on the close-cropped village turf
 And cares not at all for her book,
 But likes to bathe her feet in the shifting cold sea surf,
 And float paper boats along the brook.
 My darling little sister is my father's pride and joy
 And the light of his autumn life,

Not a frown ere mars his kind face but she can soon destroy
 When she calls herself his "little wife."
 But it sometimes haps, of course, that we've a storm or two to bear
 When my pet will frown and stamp,
 And I am bound to chide a bit till weather clears up fair
 And the enemy's left the camp.

Will darling little sister ever guess, at all, or know
 How I love her wee fairy self,
 When grown to be a woman—'tis absurd!—a woman?—oh!
 Will she ever grow one, little elf!
 I would that she could aye be such a pretty winsome mite
 As I cherish for mother's sake,
 For if ever any sorrow should her guileless spirit blight,
 Oh! I vow my fond heart would break.

PICTURE GALLERIES.

EXHIBITION OF THE ARTISTS OF THE
CONTINENTAL SCHOOLS, FRENCH
GALLERY, 120, Pall-mall.

THIS is the nineteenth exhibition in London; the collection is not large, but excellent, for there is scarcely a picture not worth seeing. A little painting by Dupré, "A View in the Island of Adam" (41) is, of course, a gem. Otto Weber's "Shepherdess" is a fine production; it is life-size; the figure of the girl is masterly, and the ram worthy of Landseer (108). L. Knaus's "He lives by his Wits" is a characteristic portrayal of a bright-eyed street Arab (8). "Wandering Thoughts," by P. A. Cot, is a very small picture of a beautiful girl, intense in expression, and exquisitely finished (40). "The Towing Path," by J. Israels (106), is a good picture, and we may say the same of "The Storm Driven Flock," by W. Braith (107). Th. Weber's "Ship Sinking in St. Ives' Bay," (133), is not a production of art to be passed over. P. J. Clays is worthily represented in more than one place, "Calm Weather off the Coast of Holland" (160) among the number. "Marie Antoinette and the Dauphin in Prison," by E. Meisel, tells its own story; the grouping, the colouring, the expression are all successful, and the historic interest complete (154). "The Pet Doves" (158), by C. Chaplin, is an illustration that at once charms and disappoints; there is a freshness and originality about it, clear and harmonious colouring, and a very pretty conception, but the girl is too plain; attired as a peasant she might have looked well, but clothed in satin a different type of physiognomy is needed—we want refinement of feature and sentiment is wanted; the bare shoulder is also too *négligée* for the rest of the costume.

Amongst other pictures specially deserving notice are "Echoes by the Sea," W. Bourguereau (26); "The Market Girl," H. Schlessinger (52); "Miranda," J. Aubert (80); "The Baby Brother," a good painting suggestive for a virgin child, and infant St. John, by L. Perrault (118); "The Church Porch," P. Seignac (157); and "Sweet Flowers," by D. de Noter and J. Goupil (164).

THE SPRING EXHIBITION OF PICTURES
OLD BOND-STREET GALLERY (25).

THE landscapes are better represented than figures this season, the only noteworthy productions of the latter kind are "At the Fountain, Andalusia," by J. K. Pelham (3); a production of considerable merit, for some reason hung in a very obscure corner; a fine life size painting by Ingomar of "The Little Brother" (137); two subjects by Carolus, "The Visit to the Fortune Teller" (149), and "The Letter Writer" (143); and "Grandmother's Birthday," by F. Sonderland (121). "Meditation," by Guillo, is a fine study of a head, but it is spoilt by the crude effect of a back ground of almost white sky, instead of a tone of rather dark blue grey broken with a purply tint, which would decidedly harmonise better, and not detract from the effect of the dark, thoughtful face and mourning habiliments so ably depicted. Amongst the landscapes, "Near Munich (160), by R. Martinus, takes a foremost place; and others particularly deserving of attention are "Capel Curig, North Wales," R. P. Richards (126); "Sunset near Duneraggan, Scotland," A. Breanski (35); "Morning, Loch Vannacher, Scotland," by the same artist (43); "A View of Reigate Park," E. H. Hodder (48); "Fall of the Hesse, Vale of Neath," J. B. Smith (53); "A Waterfall," H. P. Powell (77); and "The Shipwreck," F. Mersin (109).

Amongst the water-colours, landscapes again bear the palm over figures and flowers, which are but feebly represented. Two of the most noteworthy landscapes are "Autumn in Springwood, Cheshire," John Holding (23); and "Frencham, Farnham," by W. H. Millais (278). Over the

former hangs a sea piece, "Dutch Passage Boats," by Thomas Robins (230). The ladies have many representatives amongst the water-colours, and foremost are Miss F. Kempson and Miss A. White; "Glyn Cyddaw" (232), by the former, and "Near Chingford, Essex" (327), by the latter, deserve notice. Mr. H. Martin and Mr. P. Martin exhibit some happy efforts of their skill, *vide* "Moonlight View near St. Cloud" (202), and "Sunset on the Seine" (187), and "View on the Seine" (193). "By the River, evening, Exeter," by Miss M. Edwards (290); "On the Derwent" (285) W. Hall; "Lane in Sussex," Herbert Wood (182); "A Frame of Sketches," P. Frost, R.A. (236); "Venice from the Public Gardens" (296) A. C. Bell; "On the Heath, Fettleworth," G. Constable; and several others space compels us to leave unenumerated, are pictures worth notice.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

OF Easter Monday the Adelphi produced a new drama, entitled *Hilda*, in which Miss Furtado and Mr. J. Clarke are engaged.

At the Princess's, *Haunted Houses* was presented to the public.

THE Queen's is distinguished by the novelty of a Shakespearian ballet. Having determined to reproduce the plays of the immortal bard, ballet boxes were placed for some weeks in various parts of the theatre. The result has been in favour of *Cymbeline*, re-produced on Easter Monday.

At the Royalty Douglas Jerrold's *Housekeeper* is revived.

THE Christy Minstrels announce special day and night performances in St. James's Great Hall for the Easter holidays.

BACH's passion-music has been again performed at Westminster Abbey, with the full renewal of the impressive effect it produced last year.

THE Duke of Edinburgh has become a vice-patron and member of the Civil Service Musical Society. The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and the Right Hon. E. Cardwell, M.P., have also been elected vice-patrons of the society.

A very pleasing entertainment has been given during the last two weeks (on Monday evenings) by Mr. and Mrs. Stocqueler, at the Chepstow House School Room, North Brixton. Both the lady and gentleman possess remarkable and varied elocutionary powers, which were successfully displayed in scenes they selected from *The School for Scandal*, *The Love Chase*, and *The Honeymoon*. Mr. Stocqueler's forte is comedy. His reading of "The Chimes" and "The Bachelor's Dream" afforded great scope for versatility of facial expression, and his rendering of two scenes from *The Rivals* proved him a master of the dramatic art. But the gem of the two evenings—for it was redemanded on the second occasion—was Mrs. Stocqueler's execution of "The Bells" of Edgar Poe. Few ladies are gifted with such a voice as she possesses. Musical, powerful, well modulated and controlled, it responds to the intelligence of her preception of the author's intention. The audiences were in raptures.

The Holborn theatre has produced in addition to *La Vie Parisienne*, an adaptation from the French by Mr. Arthur Sketcheley, called *Only the Governor*.

THE Crystal Palace has produced an Easter novelty, entitled *A Legend of Spring; or, the Victory of the Sunbeam*.

MR. O. S. BRIERLY and Mr. Chevalier have been appointed associates of the Society of Water Colours.

THE *Limerick Chronicle* understands that a novel case connected with that county, in which the plaintiff went to Australia and returned to Ireland after many years, will soon occupy the Irish Court of Chancery, and that the identity of the claimant will be one of the questions in dispute.

AMUSING SCRAPS.

At a church of "colour," in America, where the old custom of "lining out" the hymn is observed, a minister noticing a number of persons, both white and coloured, standing upon their seats during service, called out, in a loud voice: "Git down off dem seats, both white man and colour; I care no more for de one dan I do for de odder." Imagine his surprise on hearing the congregation suddenly commence singing, in short meter:

"Git down off dem seats,
 Both white man and colour:
 I care no more for de one
 Dan I do for de odder."

A CASE was being tried before a Presbytery, not long ago, when the counsel for the defendant urged the plea of moral insanity. A venerable Presbyter said; Mr. Moderator, this disease of moral insanity seems to me to be identical with what the older theologians, in their unscientific way, call *total depravity*.

A CONTEMPORARY says of a prominent general that "his sword was never drawn but once, and then in a raffle."

FRANKLIN once said to a servant who was always late, but always ready with an excuse: "I have generally found that the man who is good at an excuse is good for nothing else."

"CHLOROFORM," says the *New York Evening Mail*, "is the best thing that can be used to renovate old cloth." It would naturally give it a nap.

Infant Prodigy: "Why is your hair so grey, Mamma?"

Mamma: "Well, because you're such a naughty child sometimes."

I. P.: "What a naughty child you must have been! Poor Grandma's hair is quite white!"

"SEE here, you young dog," said a testy old uncle to his improvident nephew, "you are always out late, and spend money like a crazy man. I'll disinherit you. It's no use to leave a fortune to a man that can't keep anything." "Softly, uncle, softly; I have your own word that I always keep late hours." "Go to bed, you rascal!"

"What's the matter, Lulu? Didn't either of those young fellows I saw flirting with you last evening come to the propositional point?" "Yes, Will., both of them did." "Both of them! What are you crying about, then?" "Because I said Yes to the wrong one."

A DEBATING society discussed the question, "Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" After full discussion and mature deliberation, the decision was, "Not wrong, but too difficult to pay for the trouble."

NERVOUS old lady (to deck hand on a steamboat)—"Mr. Steam-boat man, is there any fear of danger?" Deck Hand (carelessly)—"Plenty of fear, ma'am, but not a bit of danger."

MAMMA, said a delicate little boy, "I'm afraid a fever would go hard with me." "Why, my son?" "Cause I'm so small, it wouldn't have room to turn."

"WHAT a waste of money!" soliloquised a vagrant, "to be buying meat that's half bone, when you get whisky without any bone in it at all!"

A PICKPOCKET, when engaged in his profession, seldom is aware that he is stealing. He performs all his thefts in a moment of abstraction.

The *Toronto Globe* says the grindstone is more precious even than the diamond. But that must depend upon the use we put them to. For edging up an axe, the grindstone would undoubtedly excel; but for a breastpin the diamond would actually be worth the most.

A FAMOUS judge came late to court one day in busy session, whereat the clerk, in great surprise, inquired of him the reason. "A child was born," his honour said, "and I'm the happy sire. An infant judge?" "Oh, no," said he; "as yet he's but a crier."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

PREPARATIONS are being made in Killarney for a visit of some members of the royal family, who, it is said, have intimated to Mr. Herbert, M.P., an intention of again visiting Ireland.

On Good Friday evening, shortly before ten o'clock, a down Kensington train was about being started from the Portland-road Station of the metropolitan line, when the guard (Bale) noticed a well-dressed young woman lying almost insensible on the seat of a second-class carriage. She was alone. He called out to Mr. Hedgehill, the station-inspector, who stopped the train and removed the young lady to the platform, whence she was removed to the ladies' waiting-room, where Mrs. Vincent, the attendant, tried to restore her but without effect. She was ultimately taken in a cab, under the care of Mrs. Vincent, to the Middlesex Hospital, and was immediately attended to by Mr. Lucas, the house physician. Notwithstanding every attention on the part of the hospital authorities, who tried every means in their power to restore animation, the unfortunate young lady remained in a state of unconsciousness until between 2 and 3 p.m., on Saturday, when she expired—whether from the effects of drugs or poison or from what other cause is not at present known. Shortly after life was found to be extinct a lady arrived at the hospital, and, upon seeing the body, recognised it as that of her daughter, Miss Annie Marion Hilliers, aged 20 years, who was residing with the family of a gentleman holding an important position in her Majesty's service, and living at Kensington. It appears that on Good Friday morning the deceased left home to visit some friends residing in Everett-street, Brunswick-square, with whom she spent the afternoon and evening, leaving to return home by the Metropolitan Railway. The proper station for her to have started from was Gower-street, but in her dress pocket was found a ticket issued at Farringdon-road for Kensington. The reason of her going out of her way to that station is not known, and at present the whole matter is surrounded with mystery, which it is to be hoped will be cleared up when a *post-mortem* examination has been made and an inquest held. Meanwhile the police are making every inquiry.

In a paragraph which appeared in the *Times* on Monday with reference to the death of Ann Marion Hillier it was stated that she had in her pocket a ticket for Kensington, which had been issued at Farringdon-street, and that the reason of her going out of the way to that station was not known. Captain H. P. de Kantzow writes us to say that the latter part of this statement is erroneous. The deceased was returning quietly from a visit in Farringdon-street to her duties in his house, where she was much respected and esteemed, when she was taken with the sudden illness that caused her death.

A VERY painful event happened at the Trent Valley Station at Tamworth, on Saturday afternoon, by a lady passenger dying in one of the waiting-rooms. The name of the lady was ascertained to be Mrs. Fairbrother, of Lichfield. She was the mother of the able theologian, the Rev. William Fairbrother, fellow of the Royal Society, and secretary to the London Missionary Society. It appears that Mrs. Fairbrother, who is over 80 years of age, had been visiting some relatives at Gnosall, near Stafford, and while on her way to Tamworth became very ill. It is stated that her fellow-travellers asked for water at Rugeley and Lichfield, but the railway porters refused to procure any. After leaving Lichfield Mrs. Fairbrother had to be supported in another lady's arms, and when about three miles from Tamworth she was taken with a fainting fit, and on her arrival at Tamworth she was lifted out of the train in an insensible condition and laid on a sofa in the ladies' waiting-room. The station-master and those around him rendered every assistance possible, and Mr. F. Ruffe, in obedience to a summons, promptly attended; but that gentleman on seeing her pronounced her to be dying, and the unfortunate lady breathed her last about a minute afterwards, the cause of death being heart disease.

A Co-operative Congress assembled at the Bolton Co-operative Hall yesterday.

From Spain we learn that on Sunday the Andalusian train arrived late in Madrid owing to its having been attacked by brigands. The robbers took up the rails and arrested the train, taking £3,000 of the company's money and other booty, and wounding three persons who resisted.

It has transpired that Ann Marion Hilliers was nurse in the family where she resided, and died from rupture of a blood-vessel in the brain.

GLEANINGS.

A new safe has been invented which makes things very unpleasant for burglars. The walls are filled with gunpowder in such a manner that the blows of a sledge or the cutting of a chisel, in the attempt to rob the safe, will ignite the powder, blow off the outer crust, annihilate the burglar, and leave the contents of the safe uninjured.

The English journals describe a new form of railway sleeping carriage, invented by Mr. James Howlinson. The general arrangement is evidently borrowed from that of the American sleeping-cars; but no credit is accorded to brother Jonathan for his pioneering ingenuity.

THE Toulouse papers relate a tragical incident which occurred last Friday week at the Theatre des Variétés in that city. An actress, Madame Vert, was upon the stage performing her part, when she suddenly fell upon her face. She was immediately removed, but was found to be dead. The audience, which had believed that the actress had only fainted, was informed of the truth, and the performance was discontinued.

MR. ALFRED SHOOLBRED, a son of the head of the well-known firm in Tottenham-court-road, died very suddenly at his residence, Surbiton-park, late on Saturday night. The cause of death is supposed to be heart disease. The deceased gentleman was a prominent member of the Oscillators' Rowing Club, of which he was one of the founders. The event is greatly deplored in the neighbourhood, where the family have a very numerous circle of friends. The deceased was out in the hunting-field a few days before his death.

His Majesty the King of Siam's arrival was expected at Tongkah and Quedah, on his return from Calcutta, and, in consequence, all the "female beauty," a Penang paper says, departed for the north of Province of Wellesley, in which, being British territory, the emigrants were safe from the proclivities of the noblemen and followers of his Majesty, who are described as being such irresistible lady-killers that flight can only save unprotected females from their wiles.

CHARADES, ENIGMAS, &c.

CHARADE.

The bridesmaids are waiting, and what must they do?
There's Constance, and Alice, and Adelaide too;
And that old Prude Gorgon, who sits on the right,
At their charms curls her lips with envy and spite;
As badly all fidget and chafe as the worst,
Lingering impatient till cometh my first.
But my first sits calm at the dressing-glass, where
She so oft may be found arranging her hair;
Her maidens are turning a wreath in her curls,
They deck her with lace and white roses and pearls.
A few minutes more, and my second, they say,
Will loose the wild steeds—they'll be dashing away.
The mystic gold circle is on, and the word
Which joins two in one through the choir has been heard,
The priest's blessing hands have reposed on the brow
Of my first; and my whole have uttered their vow.
The marriage is over; but is there a soul
Who thinketh not "Fortunate fellow—my whole?"

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why are pen makers the most wicked of men?
2. Why should you never sleep in a railway carriage?
3. When is a boat like a heap of snow?
4. What bus has found room for the greatest number of people?
5. Who is the first little boy named in English history?
6. What have we to expect at an hotel?
7. What comes after cheese?

ANSWERS.

CHARADE.

Rhubarb.

A PROVERB PUZZLE.

1. A sheet of water. 2. A sail. 3. Baking sheet. 4. Sheet of metal. 5. Linen sheet. 6. Sheet of ice. 7. Of paper. 8. Of a book. 9. Of glass. 10. Of wax. 11. Of wadding.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. The footman.
2. Smoking and Sea-king.
3. When it has a hole in it.
- * 4. Because it is always in fun.
5. Because they have ears and hear not, and eyes and see not.
6. Because it never does right (write) of its life.
7. Because Gee! makes it go.

* Why is U the the gayest letter in the alphabet?

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Rheumatism and Neuralgia.—Though the former disease remorselessly attacks the young and the robust, and the latter ruthlessly selects its victims from the weak and delicate, the same medical treatment will infallibly cure both complaints. After the affected parts have been diligently fomented with hot brine, and the skin has been dried, Holloway's Ointment must well and perseveringly be rubbed in for a few minutes twice a day, and his Pills must be taken according to the printed directions wrapped round each box of his medicine. Both Ointment and Pills are accompanied by instructions designed for the public at large, and no invalid, who attentively reads them, can now be at any loss to doctor himself successfully.

THE THEATRES.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, DRURY LANE.

Opening Night of the Season.—Mlle. Titiens. The nobility, subscribers, patrons of the Opera, and the public, are respectfully informed that the Opera Season will commence on Saturday next, April 6, on which occasion will be presented Beethoven's Opera, FIDELIO. Florestano, Signor Vizzani; Don Pizarro, Signor Agnesi; Il Ministro, Signor Mendioroz; Rocco, Signor Foll; Jacquino, Signor Rinaldini; Marcellina, Mlle. Bauermeister; and Leonora (Fidelio), Mlle. Titiens. (After the first act the Overture to "Leonora.") Director of the Music and Conductor, Sir Michael Costa. In the course of the evening the National Anthem. The doors will open at eight o'clock, and the opera will commence at half-past eight. Prices: Stalls, £1 1s.; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; gallery, 2s. Applications for boxes, stalls, and prospectuses to be made to Mr. Bailey, at the box-office of Her Majesty's Opera, Drury-lane, which is open daily from ten till five; at the principal music-sellers and librarians; and at the West-end office, 201, Regent-street.

SURREY THEATRE.—Sole Manager, Mr. Shepherd.—Every Evening, at 7, UP IN THE WORLD. Followed by a Drama, embracing the most popular incidents of life, entitled THE CLAIMANT; or, THE LOST ONE FOUND. Characters by Messrs. Shepherd, Edgar, Murray, Newbound; Mesdames Shepherd, Marie Holland, &c. New local scenery by Julian Hicks. To conclude with ROBINSON CRUSOE: Mr. Warde, Mrs. Edgar, &c.

THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI.—Proprietor, Benjamin Webster.—Managers, B. Webster and F. B. Chatterton.—Every Evening, at 7, THE IRISH TUTOR. After which, at 7.45, HELDA, THE MISER'S DAUGHTER: Messrs. James Fernandez, Britain Wright, A. C. Lilly, C. H. Stephenson, H. Cooper, F. Stainforth, and W. McIntyre. To conclude with AUTUMN MANOEUVRES.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.—Every Evening, at 7, LES DEUX AVEUGLES. At 7.30, SHILLY SHALLY: Messrs. Toole, Rignold, Temple, Taylor; Misses E. Farren and F. Farren. At 9.30, ALADDIN. Mr. Toole; Misses E. Farren, Loseby, and Clary. Ballet and Chorus.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. Swanborough.—Every Evening, at 7, BY THE SEA: Messrs. Atkins, W. H. Swanborough; Mrs. Raymond. At 7.45, THE POOR GENTLEMAN: Mr. John S. Clarke, Messrs. Terry, Atkins, Turner, Crouch, Joyce; Mesdames Ada Swanborough, Jones, Armstrong, and Raymond. Followed by PYGMALION: Miss E. Chambers.

ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. Bateman.—Every Evening, at 7, BAMBOOZLING. At 8, THE BELLS: Mr. Irving and Miss Pauncefort. At 9.45, RAISING THE WIND: Messrs. Gaston Murray, Odell, Irish, and Irving; Miss Lafontaine and Mrs. Egan. Conclude with A PLEASANT NEIGHBOUR.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, Mr. B. Webster.—Managers, Messrs. B. Webster and F. B. Chatterton.—Every Evening, at 7, MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS. At 7.45, HAUNTED HOUSES: Messrs. J. C. Cowper, Billington, J. Clarke, S. Calhaem, C. Seyton, Jas. Johnstone, W. Terriss, Callen, H. Russell, W. R. Bruton; Miss R. Leclercq and Miss Hindspeth. Conclude with A CRIMINAL COUPLE.

NOW READY,

PRICE 7D., PER POST, 9D.

THE APRIL PART

OF THE

LADY'S OWN PAPER,

With which is GIVEN AWAY a POINT LACE PATTERN traced upon Pink Muslin.
A COLOURED PATTERN FOR BERLIN WOOL WORK,
A BEAUTIFUL COLOURED FASHION PLATE.

Weekly Subscribers to the "LADY'S OWN PAPER" will be entitled to the Point Lace Bed Pocket with any number of this Paper for 4d. additional, through any Bookseller; the Wool Work or Fashion Plates for 1d. in addition to the Number; or they will be sent direct, by the Publisher, upon the receipt of halfpenny postage-stamps, to the amount named, and one stamp additional for postage.

THE LADY'S OWN PAPER is published by Thomas Smith, at 2 & 3, Shoe-lane, Fleet-street. It may also be obtained at the Railway Stations, and of the Newsagents throughout the United Kingdom. In the event of any difficulty, copies will be sent direct from the Office, 2 and 3, Shoe-lane, E.C., upon the receipt of P.O.O., costing 1d., at the following rates:—

One Year, Monthly Parts, post free	8s. 6d.
Weekly Numbers	6s. 6d.
Half-year	3s. 3d.
Quarter	1s. 8d.

Sing'e Copies post free for Threehalfpence.

When penny stamps are sent in payment, they should be reckoned as thirteen to the shilling.
Office, 2 & 3, Shoe-lane, Fleet-street; single copies, post free, for Threehalfpence.

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

Six Lines and under (col. measure)	3s. 6d.
Every additional Line	0s. 6d.
Paragraphs, Six Lines and under	6s. 0d.
Every additional Line	1s. 0d.

A considerable reduction is made on orders for a Series, Stamps and Post-office Orders payable at Fleet-street, to THOMAS SMITH.

Advertisements and Communications should be sent to the Office, 2 & 3, Shoe-lane, Fleet-street, E.C.

FOULKES' CEMENT will unite any Material, from Glass and Leather to Wood and Iron, and the articles joined bear washing in boiling water. It combines transparency with unequalled strength and freedom from unpleasant odour, admits of great neatness, and is of easy application. A few of the uses to which it may be applied: The repair of every description of Household Glasses and Earthenware, Glass Shades, Chimney Ornaments, pieces of Veneer, the Binding of Books, Chippings of Furniture, Picture Frames, Mounting of Prints, Marble and Alabaster Goods, Fossils, Ornaments in Ivory and Bone, Vases and Pendants. Costly wares, Ancient and Modern, that cannot be replaced, may, with this cement, be renewed, however much broken.

In bottles, at 1s. Sold by all respectable Chemists and Patent Medicine Venders, and prepared only by the Sole Inventor,

W. J. FOULKES, Operative Chemist, Birkenhead.

BORWICK'S

BAKING POWDER

HAS BEEN AWARDED

TWO GOLD MEDALS

FOR its SUPERORITY over all others.

MAKES BREAD, PASTRY, PUDDINGS, &c.

LIGHT and WHOLESOME.

SOLD in 1d. and 2d. PACKETS.

ALSO 6d. and 1s. PATENT BOXES.



MILLARD'S
"INVISIBLE" FACE POWDER,
AN
EXQUISITE TOILET
PREPARATION
FOR

Beautifying and Preserving
the Complexion,
DELICATELY
PERFUMED.
Specially adapted for use in
hot climates.

Sold by Chemists, Perfumers,
&c., in Packets, 6d.

And Elegant Boxes, with Puff, 1s. and 2s. each.

LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE



THE "WORCESTERSHIRE."

Pronounced by Connoisseurs

"THE ONLY GOOD SAUCE."

Its use improves appetite and digestion.
Unrivalled for piquancy and flavour.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

To avoid which, see the names LEA and
PERRINS on all Bottles and Labels.

ASK FOR LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE.

Agents—CROSS & BLACKWELL, London,
and Sold by all Dealers in Sauces throughout
the world.



WHITTINGTON LIFE ASSURANCE
COMPANY.

CHIEF OFFICE:—37, Moorgate-street, London.

Life Assurance—Endowments—Provision for Children—

Annuities—Children's Endowments—

MARRIED WOMEN'S NEW RIGHTS.

For particulars apply by post card, to

ALFRED T. BOWSER, Manager.

BOOKS FOR PRESENTATION.

THE CIRCLING YEAR. Illustrated with Coloured Pictures and Wood Engravings from the "Leisure Hour" and "Sunday at Home." Imp. 8vo., 6s. 6d., handsomely bound, gilt edges.

"Some of the illustrations in colours, by John Gilbert, are worth the whole volume."—Publishers' Circular.

"A very beautiful drawing-room book. The literature is quite equal to the engravings, some of which, including the coloured ones, are very admirably printed. The volume is sure to recommend itself to all who see it."—Nonconformist.

SWISS PICTURES, drawn with Pen and Pencil. By the Author of "Spanish Pictures." With numerous illustrations by E. WHYMPER and others. A third edition, greatly improved by the addition of many fine engravings. Imp. 8vo., 8s., handsomely bound.

"Its numerous wood engravings are all of great excellence; charming as pictures, and admirable as examples of art."—Art Journal.

"In this third edition there are so many additions and improvements that this very beautiful volume is still more attractive and beautiful than before."—Standard.

RANDOM TRUTHS in COMMON THINGS. Occasional Papers from "My Study Chair." By the Author of "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye," &c. With numerous Illustrations by eminent artists. Imperial 16mo, 7s., bevelled boards extra, gilt edges.

THE MANUSCRIPT MAN; or, The Bible in Ireland. By the late Miss E. H. WALSH, Author of "The Foster Brothers of Doon," &c. With Memoir. Imperial 16mo.: with Engravings, 3s. 6d., bevelled cloth boards, gilt edges.

PICTURES from ENGLISH HISTORY.—A new Series of highly-finished Coloured Pictures of Historical Subjects. Size, 17in. by 21in. Price Sixpence each:

Caractacus before the Emperor Claudius.

The Death of Venerable Bede.

Wickliffe and the Monks.

The English Bible Presented to Henry VIII.

The Martyrdom of Ridley and Latimer.

The Defeat of the Spanish Armada.

* * These are very well adapted for framing, both for home and school decoration.

London: RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, Paternoster-row, and 164, Piccadilly; and all Booksellers.

To brace the nerves, to overcome weariness and disinclination to activity, to prevent irregularities, we should recommend recourse to be had to Kearsley's Wid. w Welch's Female Pills, which are a really invigorating tonic medicine. Creating an appetite; correcting indigestion; dispelling flatulency; curing headache; relieving shortness of breath and palpitations of the heart. Used with great success by the medical profession, and proved by over 20,000 people annually to be a certain means of relief. Sold by all chemists in boxes in white wrappers (which notice particularly to avoid deception), or by post, free for 3s stamps, of J. Sanger and Sons, 150, Oxford-street, London, W.

TO LADIES.—The Shrewsbury Water-proof TWEED CLOAKS, SKIRTS, and JACKETS, in every variety of shape or colour, are supplied by the original makers, E. W. and W. PHILLIPS, 37, High-street, Shrewsbury. Patterns and prices post free.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH. This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, sick-headache, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels, or where an occasional aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted.

For FEMALES these Pills are truly excellent, removing all obstructions, the distressing headache so prevalent with the sex, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of the skin, and give a healthy bloom to the complexion. Sold by medicine vendors, price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

MACHINISTS AND YOUNG LADIES

WANTED, to learn Sewing Machines—Thomas's, Howe's, Singer's, Wilcox and Gibbs's, Wheeler and Wilson's, Clements's—for button-holes, embroidery, &c., 5s.—for mantles, dressmaking, tailoring, underclothing, &c., 3s.—bootwork, flowering, &c., 5s.; materials found free; employment and good wages afterwards. 111, Stamford-street, Blackfriars.

Now ready. Sixpence.

MRS. BULL'S WINTER PARTY.

By the Author of the "Times' Newspaper for 1862." Illustrated. JOHN B. DAY, 3, Savoy-street, Strand; and all Booksellers.

Just published, price 2s. 6d.

ON the CURABILITY of CANCER. and its (Painless) Medical Treatment without Surgical Operation; Enlarged by an account of the Cures effected in England.

By Dr. G. VON SCHMITT.

London: Wyman and Sons, 74, Great Queen-street, W.C.

MR. ROLA'S PUPILS PERFORM 1st

April, instead of on the last Friday of this month, at his Academy, 25, Manchester-street, W., from 3 to 5 (reserved seats, with full particulars, for one stamp), to demonstrate that what learners, under the average of abilities, have accomplished on Rola's improved Art for Teaching the Piano, but above all in so short a time or as little trouble to teachers, or, as Lady Grant says, "saving money, time, and temper," can never be realised so well, or approaching to it, by the most gifted even, on the antiquated rubbish of the present instruction books, which, strange to say, are still used in presence of these facts, and as if there was nothing better. "In 25 minutes the boy, to the amazement of my family," writes the Chaplain-General to the Forces, "was able to name every note extended to seven ledger lines above or below the treble or bass staff (and a child, after three lessons only on the value of notes, surpassed her sister in that knowledge and counting, who has been six years under the best masters' tuition). I look on Mr. Rola's achievement as the commencement of one of the most useful revolutions which, in music at least, the world has witnessed." In two parts, 5s. each, or 8s. the two; post free, if from the Author, 22, Leinster-square, Bayswater, W.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES' ACTS,
1862-67, FEB. 27, 1871.

THE

ANTI-ADULTERATION ASSOCIATION
(LIMITED).

Offices: Adelphi Chambers, 6, John-street, Adelphi,
W.C.

The existing laws being entirely permissive have proved totally inoperative. The primary object of the Association is to secure the introduction of a compulsory Bill against the Adulteration of Food, Drink, and Drugs. And, further, to aid such measures by eliciting a large amount of public support, by petition and otherwise.

To seek out proof of the necessity for such legislation by analyses of the chief articles of Food now supplied in all parts of the Metropolis (and elsewhere, as the means of the Association admit), and by a Monthly Report thereon—for which purpose the services and laboratory of an eminent Food authority and Chemist have been secured.

Further to seek out and prosecute in cases of injurious adulteration and fraud, and obtain convictions when possible under the existing laws.

By so doing to relieve individuals from the cost, loss of time, and inconvenience entailed on them in attempting to enforce the penal clauses of the existing Acts.

To concentrate public opinion by means of numerous signed petitions extensively canvassed amongst the influential classes, and press upon Parliament the urgent necessity for passing a compulsory Act in a matter of such vital importance as regards the Health and well-being of all, more especially the poorer classes.

To carry out these objects the Association appeal to the public in general for sympathy and support by signing the petitions submitted by their canvassers, and further, to defray necessary expenses, by Subscriptions or Donations.

The canvassers are authorised to receive Subscriptions and Donations, but in all cases a receipt from the office. The books of the Association will at all convenient times be opened for the inspection of Contributors, and reports regularly transmitted.

Further particulars forwarded on application to
T. PAYNE, Secretary.

SOLICITOR.

JOSEPH PERRY, Esq., Guildhall Chambers, Basinghall street, E.C.

Published the 15th of each month,

THE ANTI ADULTERATION REVIEW,

A Magazine devoted to securing PURITY in FOOD, DRINK, and DRUGS.

Price 2d., or per ann., pp. 2s.

Published 6, John-street, Adelphi, and H. VICKERS, Strand.

PURE AERATED WATERS.



ELLIS'S
RUTHIN WATERS,
SODA, POTASS,
SELTZER, LEMONADE,
LITHIA,
AND FOR GOUT,
LITHIA AND POTASS.

Corks Branded "R. Ellis and Son, Ruthin," and every label bears their trade mark. Sold everywhere, and Wholesale of R. ELLIS and Son, Ruthin, North Wales. London Agents: W. LEST and Sons, Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square.

PENS! PENS! PENS!
TRY H. L. MORGAN'S BANK of ENGLAND PENS, same used in the Bank of England. One Pen warranted to last a month. To be had of all Stationers, or of H. L. Morgan, 43, Allen's-buildings, Leonard-street Finsbury.

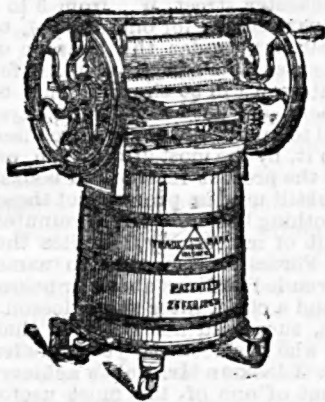
TO WHOLESALE & RETAIL MILLINERS, DRESSMAKERS, AND OTHERS. Money advanced on Debts to collect. Arrangements and Compositions with Creditors effected. Balance Sheets and Accounts prepared. To Debtors in difficulties. Persons wishing to make a composition or arrangement with their Creditors, are invited to apply to the undersigned who has had much experience. Strictest confidence. Charge moderate. Consultation Free. JOHN CARRALL, Public Accountant, 166, Fenchurch-street, London, E.C.

THE HOME WASHERIS A SIMPLE,
COMPACT,
AND

EFFICIENT

Washing Machine.*Boiling, Soaking, and
Rubbing unnecessary.*A Complete Machine, to
Wash, Wring, and Mangle,
for £5 5s.HOME WASHER, only
£3 10s.Carriage Paid to any
Railway Station.

Illustrated List Free.

BELL AND CO.,
490, OXFORD STREET,
LONDON, W.C.**TO PREVENT TYPHOID FEVER.**BY
HER MAJESTY'SROYAL
LETTERS PATENT.HAVE YOUR CISTERNS FITTED WITH
WESTO AND PINDER'S
PATENT OVER-FLOW PIPES,
AND YOUR CLOSETS FITTED ON THEIR IM-
PROVED PRINCIPLE.

Requiring no Soil Trap

To prevent the effluvia from the drain-pipe infecting the
water in the Cistern. Highly recommended by
the Highest Medical Authority.PRICES: LARGE OVERFLOW, 13s. 6d. — SMALL
Do., 11s. 6d.**CARRILHO, PINDER, and Co.**Inventors, Sole Manufacturers and Patentees of Fittings
to Joint Pipes without Solder, and the Protector
Over-Flow Pipe, to prevent contagion from
the Drain Pipe to the Cistern,

23, East-street, Walworth, London.

TRY**MOLE'S PATENT INDESTRUCTIBLE
BOOTS.**FOR DURABILITY, COMFORT, & FASHION,
SAME PRICE AS ORDINARY BOOTS.And possess the following IMPORTANT ADVAN-
TAGES:—

1. DURABILITY—lasting considerably longer (the tread being kept on the ball or centre of the foot), while costing no more than ordinary Boots.
2. APPEARANCE—The tread being equalised, the Boot is preserved in shape till worn out.
3. COMFORT—By keeping the Boot thus upright and in shape, the miserable feeling inseparable from Boots worn on one side (and which is a fruitful cause of corns and bunions) is wholly avoided.
4. SIMPLICITY—A child can understand and apply this invention.

See TESTIMONIALS with instructions for self-measure-
ment, post free on application. The Trade supplied with
Soles and Heels.Wholesale—MOLE'S PATENT BOOT COMPANY, LIMITED.
CHARLES MOLE, Manager.Chief Depot—4 and 5, Tottenham Court
Road, London.

Agents required in unrepresented districts.

HAIR! HAIR! HAIR! The New
BEATRICE PLAITED CHIGNON, made in all
shades to match human hair. Sent in sealed packet,
post free to any part of England, for 60 stamps. Enclose
pattern. These headdresses cannot be distinguished
from human hair at six times the price. Address W.
STEPHENS, Hair Manufacturer, 121, King's Cross-road,
London.

Emporium for Manufactured Articles of
nearly Every Description,

82, LOWER MARSH, LAMBETH.

W. MARCHANT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Dealer in Glass, China, Earthenware, Ironmongery, Tin
Goods, Brushes and Brooms, China Figures and Orna-
ments, Musical Instruments, Cutlery, Metal Goods,
Japanned Goods, American Pails, and Importer of
Foreign Glass.

Goods Lent on Hire.

51, GT., PORTLAND ST., OXFORD ST., W.

MADAM MORRIS (having recently
arrived from Berlin) begs to inform the Ladies
of the West-end that she has opened a Ladies' Hair
Dressing Establishment where may be obtained a very
select assortment of HUMAN HAIR, Fancy Toilet
Articles, &c.

Ladies' Ornamental Hair Work make up, in the latest
Fashions.Every description of Hair Work, making up, &c., will
receive Madam M.'s immediate and careful attention.

A call is respectfully invited.

51, GREAT PORTLAND ST., OXFORD ST., W.

GLENFIELD STARCHis the only kind used in her Majesty's Laundry. If there
are any Ladies who have not yet used the GLENFIELD
STARCH, they are respectfully solicited to give it a
trial, and carefully follow out the directions printed on
every package, and if this is done, they will say, like the
Queen's Laundress, it is the finest STARCH they ever
used. When you ask for GLENFIELD STARCH, see
that you get it, as inferior kinds are often substituted
for the sake of extra profit. Beware therefore of
spurious imitations.**"FIELD'S OZOKERIT CANDLES."****JOHN GOSNELL & CO.'S CHERRY TOOTH PASTE**is greatly superior to any tooth powder, gives the teeth a pearl-like whiteness, protects the enamel
from decay, and imparts a pleasing fragrance to the breath. Price 1s. 6d. per pot.**JOHN GOSNELL & CO.'S PATENT TRICHO-SARON**, or newly
invented HAIR BRUSH, the peculiar mechanical construction of which accomplishes the two
operations of cleaning and polishing simultaneously.**JOHN GOSNELL & CO.'S MOELLINE, GOLDEN OIL, LA
NOBLESSE POMADE, MACASSAR OIL, &c., for the Hair.****JOHN GOSNELL & CO.'S TOILET AND NURSERY POWDER.**
Celebrated for its purity and exquisite fragrance.To be had of all Perfumers and Chemists throughout the Kingdom, and at the Manufactory, Angel Passage, 93,
Upper Thames-street, London.**ECONOMY IN GRAPE MOURNING.**

ONE FOLD of KAY & RICHARDSON'S

NEW PATENT ALBERT GRAPE

IS AS THICK as TWO FOLDS of the old make.

BALL ROOM CANDLES.

For Brilliant Light "THE OZOKERIT."

For withstanding Draught "THE AERATED."

For Elegance "THE LADIES' BOUDOIR,"

or "WHITE DOUBLE CABLE."

J. C. & J. FIELD, Patentees and Sole Manufacturers.

Sold Everywhere.

THOMAS BRYER & CO.Beg to inform the Public that they have purchased by Tender, of the Trustees, the ENTIRE
STOCK of WILLIAM WEATHERILL, of Westbourne-grove, Draper, &c., &c., at a
DISCOUNT of 43½ PER CENT. OFF COST PRICE, and are offering the same at their**ANNUAL SALE, WHICH IS NOW TAKING PLACE.**The unusually large discount of 43½ per cent. will enable them to offer these goods at such prices
that must command a ready sale, and give entire satisfaction to every purchaser.**STOCK CONSISTS OF**Linens and Calicoes, Woollens and Flannels, Fancy Dresses, Costumes and Skirts, Silks and
Velvets, Shawls and Mantles, Printed Muslins and Muslins, Piques and Prints, Gents' Outfitting
and Scarfs, Hosiery and Gloves, Umbrellas and Parasols, Lace, Ribbons, Flowers, and Furs,
Haberdashery, &c.**MOURNING GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.**

N.B.—ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

44 & 45, King William-st., and 6, Arthur-st, London Bridge.

5 MINUTES' WALK FROM THE CANNON-STREET AND MANSION HOUSE STATIONS.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND.**BARN'S POLISH.**

By Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.

This Polish is strongly recommended to the public as being the best ever yet manufactured for
effectually cleaning and polishing Plate and Glass of every description, no matter how greasy,
from deposits of gas, &c., &c.By the use of this Paste 75 per cent. of labour, time, and expense will be saved, and it produces
a far clearer appearance than other articles in use.

Sold in Tin Boxes at 6d. and 1s., wholesale and retail, at the Manufactory of

H. YARROW, 1, Brougham Road, Queen's Road, Dalston, London, E.**SEWING MACHINES.**

Before you purchase one see

"THE COMBINATION."It makes four kinds of sewing without alteration of the mechanical parts. By simply moving a handle it
produces—

THE LOCK STITCH, which does not unravel.

THE CHAIN STITCH, which does unravel at the will of the operator.

THE LOCKED CHAIN STITCH, the advantage of which is that if one stitch breaks the sewing is still sound.

AND ANY OF THE ABOVE STITCHES, alternately, together or separately.

Instantaneously changed at the will of the operator.

Prices below ordinary first-class machines.

See it in operation at

THE COMBINATION SEWING MACHINE CO.'S SHOW ROOM,

5, HAYNES-STREET, LONG-LANE, E.C., LONDON.

Samples of its work and Illustrated Price List will be sent free by post on application.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST TEAS
IN ENGLAND ARE TO BE OBTAINED OF
PHILLIPS & CO., TEA MERCHANTS,
8, KING WILLIAM STREET, CITY, LONDON, E.C.
STRONG TO FINE BLACK TEA, 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., 2s. VERY FINE RICH BLACK TEA, 2s. 6d.
A Price Current Free. Sugars at Market Prices.

PHILLIPS and CO. send all Goods CARRIAGE FREE, by their own Vans, within Eight Miles of No. 8, King William-street, City; and send Teas, Coffees, and Spices Carriage Free to any Railway Station or Market Town in England if to the value of Forty Shillings or upwards.—PHILLIPS and CO. have no Agents.



DUNN & HEWETT'S COCOA & MILK

(REGISTERED).

PREPARED WITH NEWNHAM'S CONDENSED MILK.

DUNN & HEWETT'S { LUNCH ISLANDICUS, OR
ICELAND MOSS COCOA } 1s. 4d. a lb.

DUNN'S "ESSENCE of COFFEE," 1s. and 2s. a Bottle.

DUNN & HEWETT'S "BROMATINE," { A Cocoa deprived of its } 6d. a
Superfluous Butter, } Packet.

MANUFACTORY, PENTONVILLE, LONDON.

BRAND'S INTERNATIONAL SAUCE,

The A 1 of 1862, London.--1867, Paris.

This most wholesome and excellent Sauce excels with Veal Cutlets, Pork and Mutton Chops, Fillet of Beef, Rump Steaks, Plain dressed Fish, Poultry, Fried Ham, Bacon, Vegetables, Eggs, Cold Meat, Salad and Cheese. In general use in the Royal Household; the Refreshment Department of the House of Lords and Commons; the Government Offices; and at the principal Clubs; Army and Navy Mess Rooms; Hotels; Restaurants; and Private Families.—Prepared by H. W. BRAND, F.S.A. (formerly of the Household of H.M. George IV.); Author of "The Complete Modern Cook;" "The Modern Process of Preserving Alimentary Substances," &c. Cook and Co-Manager of the Cuisine of the Great International Exhibition, 1862; Inventor of the Yorkshire Pie; the Royal Highland Pie; the new Camp Pie; the Alpine Savoury Paté; and the Orthodox Paté de Poisson à la Cardinal; Lochfine Herrings (En Fillet à la Ravigote); and many other Culinary Delicacies, Extracts, and Concentrations of Meats and Fish, for Bon Vivants, Travellers, and Persons of Delicate Constitutions.—Sold by CROSSE & BLACKWELL; PETTY, WOOD & CO.; BATTY & CO.; BARTON & SONS; Chemists, Italian Warehousemen, and at the Co-operative Stores.

DOMESTIC WAX CANDLES,

SIXES AND EIGHTS TO THE POUND.

7d. and 8d. PER POUND, CASH.

These Candles are introduced to supersede the Old Fashioned Tallow, Kitchen, and Mould Candles, and the cheaper kind of Composites. They are very superior burning Candles. Those at 7d. per pound are a Pale Brown Colour; those at 8d., a Pale Canary Colour, fit for Parlours, Nurseries, Housekeepers' Rooms, &c., give more light and burn twice as long as Tallow Candles.

MANUFACTURED AND SOLD ONLY BY

THE LONDON SOAP AND CANDLE COMPANY,
107, NEW BOND STREET.

TAMAR INDIEN,

A Laxative, Refreshing, and Medicated Fruit Lozenge, the Immediate
Relief and Specific Cure of

CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, BILE, HÆMORRHOIDS, &c.

"TAMAR" (unlike Pills and the usual Purgatives) is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation.

PREPARED AND SOLD BY E. GRILLON, 122, LONDON WALL, E.C.

May be had also of Messrs. BARCLAY and Sons and all Chemists.
Price 2s. 6d. per box. Government stamped.

RIMMEL'S CHOICE PERFUMERY AND ELEGANT NOVELTIES.



IHLANG-IHLANG, VANDA, HENNA, JOCKEY CLUB, VIOLET, TEA, COFFEE, and other sweet perfumes, from 2s. 6d.; three in a pretty box for 7s.
RIMMEL'S LIME JUICE and GLYCERINE, the best preparation for the hair, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d. & 5s.
RIMMEL'S GLYCERINE SOAP, 6d. and 1s. Pellucid do. 1s.
RIMMEL'S far-famed TOILET VINEGAR, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. Violet Water, 3s. 6d. Toilet Water, 2s. 6d. and 6s.
RIMMEL'S AQUADENTINE, for whitening the Teeth and sweetening the Breath, 2s. 6d.
RIMMEL'S PHOTOCHROME, a new Pomade for Restoring Grey Hair and Beard to their original Colour, through the agency of light, 3s. 6d.
RIMMEL'S ROSE-LEAF POWDER, for the complexion, 1s. per box.
FANCY CRACKERS, for Balls and Parties. Rosewater, 2s.; Costume, 3s. 6d.; Oracular, 3s. 6d.; Floral, 5s. 6d.; Fan, 5s. 6d.; New Lottery, 4s. per dozen.
SURPRISE BOUQUET FANS, Violets, 2s. 6d.; Rose Buds, 3s. 6d.; Grouped Flowers, 6s. 6d.
EASTER EGGS, for Presents, from 1s. to £1 1s.

EUGENE RIMMEL,

PERFUMER TO H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

96, Strand; 128, Regent-street; and 24, Cornhill, London. 76, King's-road, 17, Boulevard des 'Brighton, Italiens, Paris.

COLOURED SCRAPS for FOLDING
SCREENS and SCRAP BOOKS.—Immense stock, 1,500 different sheets or sets to choose from. Abbreviated list post free. Coloured scraps for children, a set of 100 different subjects, post free for 2s. 1d. in stamps.—JOHN JERRARD, 172, Fleet-street, London.

BEAUTY WITHOUT PAINT.—A
Natural Colour for the Cheeks. Will not wash off, and warranted not to injure the most delicate skin. Free for thirteen stamps. MADAME LACELLE, 73, Theobald's-road, Holborn, W.C.

DR. PARIS'S NERVOUS RESTORATIVE LOZENGES, for imparting tone and energy to the nervous system. Pleasant to the taste, and possessing highly reanimating properties, they will be found an invaluable remedy in all cases of debility, nervousness, depression of spirits, trembling of the limbs, palpitation of the heart, &c., restoring health, strength, and vigour in a few weeks.—Sold in boxes at 4s. 6d., 15s., and 32s.; by post 4s. 8d., 15s. 4d., and 35s., by E. Clever, 63, Oxford-street, London; and Westmacott, 17, Market-street, Manchester.

MR. FRESCO, SURGEON-DENTIST,
Diploma 1843, Certified by the Senior Surgeon, of Guy's Hospital, &c., &c., President of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, and by many other eminent medical men.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY GUARANTEED. Protocolle of Nitrogen, or Laughing Gas, administered daily.

Mr. FRESCO has introduced an entirely new and much improved method of fixing Artificial Teeth and Palates, which has been acknowledged by eminent and well-known London Physicians and Surgeons as being the most successful of all methods. Charges—5s. per tooth, £1 4s. the set. Consultations free. At home from ten till six daily.

No. 1, WEST STREET, FINSBURY CIRCUS,
Opposite the Moorgate Street Railway Station.

LOOK TO YOUR TEETH.

MR. FRANCOIS (late Jeans), Surgeon-Dentist, continues to SUPPLY his celebrated ARTIFICIAL TEETH, on vulcanised base, at 5s. a tooth and £2s 10s. a set. These teeth are more natural, comfortable, and durable than any yet produced, and are self adhesive.—42, Judd-street, near King's-cross road Euston-square.—Consultation Free.

TO SING AND SPEAK WELL.

MILES DOUGHTY'S VOICE
LOZENGE for the Throat and Weakness of the Voice.—These Lozenges strengthen and produce a Charming Voice of silvery bell-like clearness, improve, sustain, and increase the power and compass of the Voice, stop its decline, and impart elasticity to the vocal chords. Upwards of 5,000 testimonials. The following tell their own tale:—CHRISTINE NILSSON writes:—"I find your Lozenges most excellent for the throat and voice." JENNY LIND:—"I confirm the testimony already so general in favour of your Voice Lozenges." LOUISA PYNE:—"I have benefitted much from the use of them." MRS. GERMAN REED:—"I find they give an exquisite clearness to the voice." ARCHBISHOP MANNING:—"I approve very highly of them." REV. CHARLES GORDON CUMMING DUNBAR writes:—"They certainly give clearness to the throat and mellowness to the voice." SIR MICHAEL COSTA:—"I am glad to give my testimony to their efficacy." HERE THEODOR WACHTEL, Court Singer to the King of Prussia, writes, June 4th, 1870:—"Your excellent Lozenges are the best to clear the voice and clean the throat from phlegm." Sold by Chemists, in boxes, 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d., or from MILES DOUGHTY, Chemist, 26 and 27, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, LONDON. Post free for 7, 14, or 33 stamps.

LAIRITZ'S PINE AND FIR TREE
WOOL, for the
RELIEF AND CURE OF RHEUMATISM.
Eight Medals awarded in Germany and France.

This Wool is made into all kinds of UNDER CLOTHING; and the efficiency of these articles is founded on twenty years' experience by medical men of note.

Sole Depot at MADAME SIMON'S, Soho Bazaar,
Counters 237 to 240.

FINE Flavoured Strong BEEF TEA, at about 2½d. a pint. Ask for LIEBIG COM. PANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT, requiring Baron Liebig, the Inventor's, Signature on every jar, being the only guarantee of its genuineness.
Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c.

LADIES.

£25 TO £100 PER WEEK!

Made easy. 20,000 sold in six months. The most rapidly selling articles ever invented for married or single ladies' use.

NO FEMALE CAN DO WITHOUT THEM.

Durable, Elegant, Cheap, and what has always been wanted, and always will. Profits large. Rights for sale. Lady Agents can make fortunes. Standard articles. Circulars free.

Address BANDANAH MANUFACTURING CO., New York.

TO ALL IN DEBT AND DIFFICULTIES.

MR. MARSHALL, Solicitor of the Court of Bankruptcy, &c., obtains for EMBARRASSED DEBTORS, in town or country, PROTECTION of PROPERTY and an entire release from all debts, under the new Act, without bankruptcy or suspension of business. Charges by instalments. Consultation free.

BILLS of SALE and DEEDS of every description prepared at one-half the usual charge.

OFFICES, 9, LINCOLN'S INN-FIELDS.

Mr. Marshall may be consulted in the evening at his residence, 20, HART-STREET, BLOOMSBURY.

TO PERSONS IN DEBT.

MR. MARSHALL, of 12, HATTON-GARDEN, Established 1830, obtains for Embarrassed Debtors (in town or country)

AN ENTIRE RELEASE FROM ALL DEBTS, without bankruptcy, publicity, or suspension of business. Charges very moderate, payable by instalments. CONSULTATION FREE.

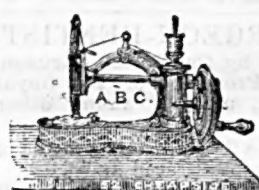
PURVEYORS TO THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.
SEWING MACHINES,



UNEQUALLED, from 5gs.
Silent Lock-Stitch, 6gs.
The "Albert" Lock-stitch,
Silent, Price 6½gs.
"Excelsior" Knotted-Stitch.
Sews & Embroiders exquisitely, 6gs.
Hand Machines from 35s.
Lock-Stitch from 63s.
THE "PRIMA DONNA,"
Four Guineas.

The "Little Sun," price 10s. 6d. Try one.
WHIGHT & MANN, 143, Holborn Bars.

Sewing Machines Extraordinary.



THE best hand Lock-stitch Sewing Machine the world has yet produced is the A B C, price four guineas. American made, on Singer's unerring principle, with modifications and improvements. It will make a shirt or an overcoat, and earn a living for all having sewing to do. For thorough practical utility, simplicity, and durability, it is unsurpassed by any £10 machine in the kingdom, and not approached by any known machine sold at the same price. Every agent, tailor, seamstress, and family in England should send for prospectus to G. W. JENNINGS, sole importers, 140, High Holborn, London, W.C.

MOCKETT & CO.'S
SEWING MACHINE DEPOTS:
214, CAMBERWELL-ROAD.
58, NEWINGTON BUTTS.

Machines of all systems by the best makers, Hand and Treadle. Adapted for plain and ornamental work. The "BELGRAVIA," Wheeler and Wilson, Howe, Thomas, and other systems. Little Wanzler, Weir, Princess of Wales, Little Stranger, &c. Monthly instalments accepted. Machines exchanged and repaired. Trial allowed. WASHING and WRINGING MACHINES. Instruction gratis at Purchaser's Residence.

By Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.

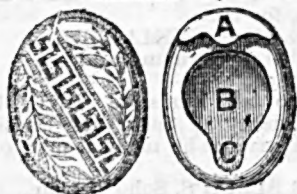


Morrison's Archimedian Hem-Folder
FOR
THE SEWING-MACHINE AND THE FINGER.

Manufactured solely by JOSEPH GILLOTT, Metallic Pen Maker to the Queen, Victoria Works, Graham-street, Birmingham. Drawings and particulars forwarded on application.

COMFORT IN THE WEAR OF GLOVES.

THE PATENT "SOLITAIRE" GLOVE
CLASPS.—By these useful and ornamental new fasteners the glove is more readily fastened and unfastened than the ordinary methods. They prevent undue stretch, and are the desideratum for gloves being too small or tight at thin wrist, at which point they form an elegant and most appropriate ornament.



Back.

A sample sent on receipt of thirteen stamps by the patentee, D. A. COOPER, Goldsmith, 20, The Cross, Worcester.

N.B.—Prices: In gilt, 1s. and 1s. 6d.; enamels, 2s., 2s. 6d., and 3s.; silver, plain, 3s. 6d.; ditto engraved, 4s.; ditto, with enamels, 5s.; gold fronts, 10s.; all gold, 12s. 6d. to 25s.; ditto, with jewels, £2 2s. to £10 10s. the pair.

TO INVESTORS.—A GREAT BARGAIN.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE, the owner going abroad, a Limited Number of £1 FULLY PAID-UP SHARES, without further Liability, in the CWM ELAN LEAD MINING COMPANY (Limited).—Directors: Major Rowland Webster, Royal Artillery; Richard Condy, Esq. (Messrs. Condy Brothers & Co.); John Muddelle, Esq.; Henry A. C. Wroughton, Esq.—Bankers: Central Bank of London (Limited), 52, Cornhill.

The "Investors' Guardian" (Sept. 30th, 1871) says—"The Cwm Elan is situated on that range of lead-bearing hills in Radnorshire which includes the famous Van and the steady-going Lisburne and Cwmystwith Lead Mines, profit-bearing for nearly half a century to the extent of 50 per cent. dividends. The property itself, as it stands, may be called a mountain of lead, cropping out at the very top surface. The report places the merits of the Cwm Elan Lead Mining Company in an unquestionable position as an investment."

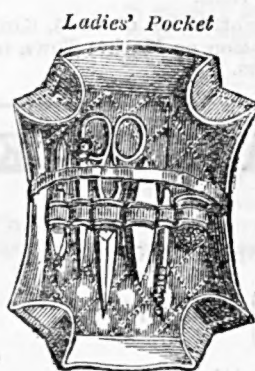
Further particulars on application to CHARLES FEREDAY, Esq., 2, Somerset-villas, Prior Park-road, Bath.

PRINCE of WALES'S ALBERT

CHAINS, in oriole of gold, equal in appearance to 18 carat gold. Will wear a lifetime. Free for 3s. 6d. Long chains, 5s. Wedding rings, 9d.; keepers, 1s. gem rings, set with diamond, garnet, emerald, and ruby imitation stones, free 18 stamps; two for 30 stamps. Size of finger obtained by cutting hole in card. Necklets, 1s. 4d.; lockets, 1s. 6d.; sleeve links, 1s.; earrings, 3s.; brooch, 3s.; scarf pins, 1s. 6d.; crosses, 1s. 6d.; bracelets, 2s. 6d.; studs, 1s. 3d.; pencil case, 2s.—W. HOLT, 185, All Saints-road, London, W.

BURN THE "STAR" NIGHT LIGHTS.

DEAN'S LADIES' POCKET WORK-BASKET, occupies but a small space when closed, 5 by 3½ in. Turkey morocco, lined with quilted silk, and fitted with Button Hook, Piercer, Crochet Needle, Thimble, Tatting Shuttle, and Scissors. No. 887. 7s. 6d. Ditto, French morocco, and lined leather, No. 888. 3s. each, post free.



Work-Basket.

THE "BRIGHTON," or "LADIES' PURSE, easy to open, yet safe. Convenient for shopping, and especially suitable for gloved hands. Has neither an Elastic Band nor Lock. Made of the best fluted Russian leather, with gilt tooled lines, and tuck fastenings, calf-lined throughout; containing four pockets for silver, place for gold, postage and receipt stamps, with Ivory Tablet and Pencil; also a Reversible Card Case. 3¾ by 2½ in. 8s. each.



Half Open.

"U.U." or "UNMISTAKABLY USEFUL" PURSE, containing three pockets for silver, one for gold, with Ivory Tablet, Pencil, Comb, and Mirror; made of Turkey morocco, silk-lined flaps. Size, 4 by 2½ in. No. 923. 7s. 6d. each.

THE "LARDNER" PATENT PURSE, a companion Purse to the "Nicholson" and the "Nicholson and Upton." It is made of the best morocco leather, has three pockets for silver, and one each for gold, notes, postage, and receipt stamps. It also contains an Ivory Tablet, with Pencil, a small Comb, Knife, Scissors, and Nail File. Size, 3½ by 2¼ in. No. 810. 6s. each, post free.

DEAN & SON, 65, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

HENRY GLAVE'S
Gigantic Stock of New Spring Dresses

Will be sold for Cash only at the smallest advance on manufacturers' prices. Every new texture out, including

PERSIAN CORDS.
SUMMER SERGES.
FRENCH DE LAINES.
RICH CABLE CORDS.
FINE FRENCH MERINOS.
HANDSOME SATIN CLOTHS.
BRADFORD AND FRENCH REPPS.
CLOUDED MELANGES.

MARL'D ALPACAS.
SILK FIGURED REPPS.
SILK WARP MOHAIRS.
BRILLIANT PEQUES.
FRENCH POPLINES.
FRENCH BATISTE.
DOLLY VARDEN CRETONNES.

Price by the yard, 6¾d. to 1s. 6½. Price by the dress, 4s. 11d. to 15s.

FOR MOURNING.

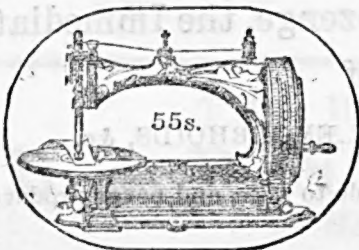
	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.
BLACK ALPACAS ...	0 6¾	to 0 9¾	per yard.	BLACK SILK FINISHED	
BLACK FRENCH				LUSTRE ...	1 0½ to 2 6 "
TWILLS ...	0 7¾	" 1 0½	"	BLACK FRENCH ME-	
BLACK BARATHEAS	1 0½	" 2 6	"	RINOS ...	1 4½ " 2 11 "
BLACK BALMORAL				BLACK FRENCH POP-	
GRAPE ...	1 0½	" 2 6	"	LINES ...	1 2½ " 1 6½ "
BLACK RUSSELL				BLACK SATIN CLOTHS	1 2½ " 1 11½ "
CORDS ...	0 8¾	" 1 6½	"	BLACK FRENCH WOVE	
BLACK PERSIAN				REPPS ...	1 6½ " 2 6 "
CORDS ...	0 8¾	" 1 4½	"	BLACK VELVETEENS	1 9½ " 4 11 "
BLACK VICTORIA				BLACK CRAPES ...	1 0½ " 4 11 "
CORDS ...	0 10¾	" 2 0	"	BLACK GRENADINES	0 6¾ " 1 0½ "
BLACK ARABIAN				PATTERNS FREE.	
CORDS ...	1 0½	" 2 6	"		

HENRY GLAVE,

534 to 537, NEW OXFORD STREET.

W. F. THOMAS AND CO.'S
DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINES

ARE MANUFACTURED SPECIALLY FOR FAMILY USE.



They hem, braid, bind, and quilt; are very light to use, elegant and useful, steady by their weight, and so avoiding the necessity of having those to work by hand fixed to the table; and are as near as possible NOISELESS. Their mechanism is so simple, that purchasers can easily work them by referring to the instructions forwarded with the machine.

TO WORK BY HAND (SINGLE THREAD) ... £2 15 0
DITTO ON STAND, COMPLETE ... 4 1 0
REGISTERED MACHINES, SPOOL OR SHUTTLE, BY HAND 4 4 0
DITTO, DITTO, ON STAND, BY HAND OR FOOT ... 5 10 0

Sewing Machines (very light) for Dressmakers, Milliners, Tailors, and Shirt and Collar makers, on Stand complete by Hand or Foot, £4 1s., £5 10s., £6 6s., £8 8s., £10, and £12.

Sewing Machines for all Manufacturing Purposes.

* * Lock-Stitch work alike on both sides. Catalogues and Samples Post Free.

ORIGINAL PATENTEES (1846),

1 and 2, Cheapside; and Regent-circus, Oxford-street, London.

EASY TERMS, WHEN REQUIRED, WITHOUT INCREASE OF PRICE.

HODGES'S SOZODONTA.—(Entered at Stationers' Hall.)—The only immediate and infallible Cure for TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, and NEURALGIA. (Without touching the tooth.) This wonderful specific, until recently unknown in Europe, has proved itself to be the only instantaneous cure in all cases connected with the facial perves. The process is very simple, viz., drawing up the nostrils a few drops of the essence, and without causing the slightest pain or inconvenience to the patient, and, in case of TOOTHACHE, without even touching the tooth. The Proprietor having received numerous testimonials as to its efficacy has been induced to bring the same before the public, feeling assured that one trial will convince the most sceptical as to its genuineness. The Proprietor has received a certificate from a physician that the rationale of his treatment is quite in accordance with Anatomical and Physiological facts. Sold in Bottles from 1s. 1½d. each, per post 1s. 3d. Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors. London Depot, 4, Featherstone-buildings, Holborn.

Printed (for the Proprietor) by JAMES WELCH, 6, St. Clement's Inn Passage, Strand, London, W.C.
Published by the Proprietor (THOMAS SMITH), at 2 & 3, Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.,
where all communications are requested to be sent.—April 6, 1872.